

THE
Six days Adventure,
OR THE
NEW UTOPIA.

A Comedy,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the Duke of
York's THEATRE.



LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Dring* at the White Lyon in *Fleet-
street*, over against the Inner-Temple-Gate, 1671.

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Six Days Advent
OR THE
NEW UTOPIA

A Comedy

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
in the Year 1771



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Printed for the Proprietor at the White Lion in Fleet-
Street, over against the Inner-Temple-Gate, 1671.

The Preface of the Author.

IF wit of this kind did always depend on success, there were little to be said (especially in this age) to justify the best of the ancient, or modern Poesy, the latter of which though short of competition with our former Dramatique Poets, who brought the stage to such a *non ultra* of designe and wit, that it might have been in some sort their several Glories to have said according to that Poetical boast of *Ovid* ——— *Jamque opus exegi*. And from whom the English Stage alone has given the world, (whatsoever can be objected to the contrary) the best Dramatique Rules, and Plays together. Notwithstanding which, such is the disingenuous Humour, or ignorance of the Age we live in, that not only the most deserving of these come to be unfrequented, and slighted by their Auditors, but likewise some few of our modern, that can so far justify themselves as to be Imitators of their virtues; and in stead of them obscene, ridiculous and indigested Plays, have their numerous Audiences; as if it were their due to receive a superior allowance, though they deserve not the name of good foils, to set off the beauties of the other; nor can it be denied, that wit (like other most remarkable things) has not generally past its *Epochoreca*, so that we may compute its renown rather backward than forward, a treasure that cannot be intail'd on posterity, who are observable enough, (especially now a days) to be rather beholding to the abilities of former writers, than able to oblige the world out of their store again. And it is some wonder that such who can pretend to so little of invention and wit, are favourably allow'd to be Authors; and like Bankrupts (though breaking their credit with the world) are permitted to set up still; but if this be the good fortune of any, such as conceive themselves to have any title to desert, have the least cause to Repine, no more than to observe the common ingratitude of fortune, which does seldome place merit on her right hand; nor is it otherwise to be expected, whilst her greatest Patrons are the most deprav'd, and ignorant of men: and I will presume to say that there was so much good fortune in the fate of this Play, to receive its condemnation from such, who wanted either capacity to receive it, or at least were resolv'd to joyn in a confederacy to oppose that esteem, which the more just and knowing might have probably al-

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low'd it, either being conscious, that it was better than they were willing it should be thought, or at least not inferior to what the most celebrated amongst them could produce on the Stage; which consideration did perhaps industriously occasion the disturbance of the Actors in the Representation of this Play, as also the audience in the hearing of it, who could not with any quiet give their attention to the Action, and they had their end; for after this was done, the 2^d day, there were few of the sober spectators who would venture that disrespect to themselves to see it often. If there were any persons of quality who did submit to so mean a compliance, as to abet or partake with so ungenerous a carriage, we will spare them the concern of reading themselves here, of whom it may be said as *Juvenal*, did of some degenerate in his time,

Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

But that which was said to sharpen the sting of this malice, was the undertaking concerning this Play, because in that there might be some pecuniary loss to add to this triumph. To which it may be answered, that if the adventure were imprudent (and possibly there may be as little reason to hazard money on the success of wit as on anything whatsoever) the carriage of such as oppos'd its reception was a far greater extravagancy and folly. And he must distrust his abilities very much (considering some Plays which have had success) if he thinks his own not worth hazarding his money as well as credit as on the other side, there are some who would make such a monopoly of their wit, that it is their endeavour none may sell but theirs: though he may be a greater fool that writes ill and loses nothing by it, than he that values himself so far as to adventure on what he conceives merits an esteem. The truth is, not a few of our new Writers have escap'd much better, because their works have not been thought worthy of emulation, though in the apprehension of the Judicious, they have suffer'd enough without other loss than the forfeit of their understandings: and I doubt not (in this extravagant, if not ridiculous Age of censure) a Poet may be condemn'd and yet no delinquent to *Parnassus*. 'Tis true it lies much within the power of such men, who have any reasonable allowance of judgment to condemn the works of others, but on the other side it deserves some admiration, that those who are but pretenders to it, and who rather keep up a Cabal, or faction of judging, than of abilities fit to sway others.

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others, yet notwithstanding it should lie in their power to suppress the esteem of any; insomuch that an ingenious man might scorn, or at least blush, in behalf of that brow, that should wear a leaf of Lawrel from the favour of these, who like under-graduates in the Schools of the Muses, are too inconsiderable to give Authority to Poesy; wherefore the Author of this play may with modesty enough slight the malevolent carriage, as well as impotent censure of those, who by-ass'd by prejudice, effected that injury which was given it in the Representation, and he doubts not it will be his sufficient vindication to all impartial, that he now commits it to their perusing in print, who could not receive that satisfaction in seeing it, (by reason of the interruption already mention'd) as he hopes they may by a judicious reading; which had he not cause to believe, he should have been far from presenting that publickly, which could with justice have been nauseated before; it being no less than a double folly, as well as offence, to occasion a second condemnation.

Besides, it could not be other than imperfectly perform'd by the Actors, who finding the Play abusively treated, were apt enough to neglect that diligence required to their parts, (as I doubt not it was observ'd by many) there being little respect given by them to wit, (let it be never so deserving) if they find it be not so far successful, as to be beneficial to themselves. In this somewhat resembling the Judgment of the *Turks*, who hold nothing good but what is fortunate; but as this providence is not always likely to accompany wit, so the Actors may be allow'd to esteem such Plays that get them most, though it be little credit to their judgments or their Playing, if the latter were not in some kind suitable to that wit, which has rather the good fortune to be receiv'd than good in it self.

The humour of the age is so much inclin'd to favour low, and farce-like Mimikry, together with common place wit, (not less undervaluing the Stage than the other) frequently observ'd from discourse in Taverns, French-houses, Coffee-houses, together with the loose and debauch'd carriages of men and women put together, not considering that the wit and beauty of Poesy consist rather in manners feign'd than in such of vulgar observation amongst men, that this Comedy, the humours of which are more remote and Satyrical, could not in reason meet with an applause equal to the former; which though I take to be in some part its commendation, I shall not so far justify it, as not to give the Reader necessary satisfaction in what he may misconceive from the report or misapprehension of o-

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thers. In order to which before I speak of the parts against which I can gather any objections, I will say something of the design, (which is the foundation of a Play) the deficiency whereof doth render all Dramatique compositions neither profitable, nor pleasant, like a structure that is rais'd upon an unsound foundation, & though there be never so many supporters applied of wit to keep it from falling, it will be observ'd so leaning, and tottering, that it cannot be worthy of the Architecture of the Muses, who are too much the Daughters of Science to admit incongruity and error in their works.

And as to the contrivance of this Play, that it was new, its greatest adversaries will not, I suppose, deny, (I wish they could say as much in behalf of Plays they most esteem) that it was not improper, I shall as easily manifest: For what can be objected against my introducing the several common-wealths of men, and women, grounded on suppos'd custome, by affirming it to be novel, and consequently unlawful, the objection is not at all solid, because it is not more impossible that such a manner of rule might be practis'd, than that there were *Amazons* in one or more parts of the world, (if we will believe Authors) who had a supremacy over men, obtain'd by force of law or power, or at some time or other conferr'd on their ambition by a prevalent indulgence to that sex; or that some Countreys at this day admit of Queens as well as Kings, and perhaps it is more the authority of usage and manners, than the law of nature, which does generally incapacitate the Rule of women, there being not seldome to be found as great abilities in them (allowing for the disadvantage they have in not being suitably educated to letters,) as are to be observ'd in men of greatest comprehensions. But this is suggested not disputed here: their characters in this Play being rather made use of to confirm the judgement and practice of the world in rendring them more properly the weaker Sex, than to authorize their government; though the ambition of that Sex, as likewise the value they are apt enough to allow themselves, may call it a severe policy; but women have small reason to complain, if for their greater honour, their beauty, and other attractions give them not seldom such a superintendent esteem that they command in many respects without being oblig'd to power and law, no less absolutely than men. But enough of this particular.

For the Characters of this Play, I find those of *Foppering* and *Peacock* occasion'd some scrupulous, or inconsiderate spectators to make more than needful objections against them; not but I conceive that there

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there are few characters in the most approved Plays; which keep so strict a decorum with nature and reason, as that there cannot be observ'd any incongruities in them. Wherefore I shall not so far undertake their vindication, but rather shew how they were usefully to have been receiv'd in order to what was to be expressed by them.

And first for *Foppering*; in whose Character the reader will observe a Satyre against lyars heightn'd by several degrees of traducing of truth; not that every common Lyar keeps that road, or goes so high as the Moon for Fables, which had not been necessary in his case strictly to resemble, because it being satyrically intended against this exorbitancy in men, it might be allow'd to be more bold with truth than they usually are, by reason the higher in that case a Character is rais'd, it is more comprehensive of whatsoever can fall under that notion; as we see in his, which doth not only correct vulgar lying, but by an extravagancy of humour ascends to Astronomers, whose faults could not have otherwise been touch'd; as is instanc'd in their erroneous computations of the motions of the Moon well known to the learned.

The like may be said of the part of *Peacock*, whose vanity of self-love is heightned to introduce that Satyr which is usefully designed against the impossibilities pretended by Chymists, and he could be no otherwise than of an extraordinary humour to represent it, for what had been common could not have done it.

And I differ from their judgments who think, that whatsoever is not vulgarly observ'd amongst men, to be therefore not Poetically allowable, which if true, the wit of Poetry were rather commonplace and observation, than invention, in no case to be allow'd. Wherefore there needs no practicable authority for every Character that is produced, if what has been never before observ'd, answer the design of the Author in being useful and corrective to manners, the essential dignity of Comedy, and without which it has small title to that name or desert; besides a Satyr cannot be poetically expressed but it must be highly Hyperbolical, as may be seen in those of *Juvenal*; as also in most of the comedies of *Ben Jonson* in which are very many characters of no being amongst men, as in his *Devil's an Ass*, *Cinthio's Revels*, and others; nay in his more exact one of the silent Woman, I doubt not to affirm that there was never such a man as *Morose* who convers'd by a whisper through a Trunk, but the Poets authority in that case is sufficient for what is not probable, because it was an extravagancy well applied to the humour of such a person.

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person, which is sufficient to direct us that things may be allow'd in a Poetical sense which are not naturally so. Who ever disputed against the wonders mention'd by the Poets, the Metamorphosis of *Ovid*, *Aesop's* Fables and the like, by reason that the moral of them is more to be regarded than the truth, which consideration has been the best and general authority of introducing of Fables: wherefore to such as are different in opinion, there needs no other reply, but that they are little skill'd in the Muses, and must be beholding to their ignorance for their excuse.

As there are few rules for the decision of wit, so it has not always a dignity suitable to its desert, nay very often so far from receiving Justice in that kind, that a judicious person would sooner esteem what generally has been disapproved or condemn'd, than submit his censure to the giddiness of vulgar applause; there being nothing more unstable or erroneous than *vox populi* in point of plays, as the observation of not a few now extant doth manifest; besides that the Major part of Audiences are neither all Poets nor critical enough to determine of approbation or censure, but rather a commixture of men of several capacities, no more fit to conceive judiciously of what they observe, than if a multitude were consulted about a peice of painting, the generality whereof can hardly distinguish betwixt the Trowel and Pencil: so that it is no wonder, if from the confus'd result of their Judgment, or as they are decoyed by parties and factions, (which some to support their wit implore with more devotion than they pay their Muses, to which purpose they are industrious Orators to the Court and Town) we find the most irregular, and illiterate, obscene and insipid Plays crowded with audiences, where they with better exercise to their bodies sweat for company, than improve their wit, learning, or manners, to do all which should be the use of Plays; whilst the most fortunate of our present Poets may perhaps conceive themselves little less than sacred, in having this vogue, or stream of applause bestowed on their Plays, as if it were the only proper incense to be offer'd to *Parnassus* in their behalfs; but we may remember that the Red Bull writers, with their Drums, Trumpets, Battels, and Hero's, have had this success formerly, and perhaps have been able to number as many Audiences as our Theatres, (I will not presume to make the comparison otherwise) so likewise the Sock of that stage as well as the Buskin is not so Rank but that it may in some degree tread with our present writers, witness the Farce, *alias* the comedy of *Tu quoque*, no less than a

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mote for most of the modern of either denomination, and yet of happy memory, in point of audiences, as I doubt not many of ours of the like Genius will be, when they have liv'd as long.

And though the ear be the principal sense to receive satisfaction from the Stage, yet we find, that of seeing has not seldome a greater predominancy, whilst Scenes, habits, dances, or perhaps an Actress take more with Spectators, than the best Dramatick wit, or contrivance of the Age, from whence we may prognosticate, that the enterlude of *Punchinello*, (having some resemblance of the same entertainment) may be as long frequented as either Theatre.

Not that I instance this, as a froward reflection on the mean reception of this Play, or any concern depending on it, or that I would have any oblig'd to like what in their apprehensions they judge fit to condemn; which whether in this case, it has proceeded from mistake or prejudice, I doubt not the Reader will candidly consider.

For what value can there be given to wit, that it should be esteem'd worth contending for, or for which a man would so much as seem to take it ill of the world if he be not thought to write or speak so well as he does, or that one more inconsiderable in either should be allow'd to perform both better? wit being so far from being the inseparable Talent of the wise, that it is observable in some degree, not only in men of mean converse, but in the extravagancies of Fools, and madmen, and what does little redound to the credit of any that has been most successful (I mean on the Stage,) it has seldome been thought weighty enough for applause by such as have been able to put it to the test of sober judgment, who being few in respect of the gaudy and illiterate numbers that resort to Plays, & will take upon them to be at least so far acquainted with Poetry as to call themselves wits, (though they have little more Title to it than pretence, or as far perhaps as a Baudy, or Tavern Jest can give the denomination) the discerning sort of men are as much disabled from over-ruling their Censures, as the Principles of Sobriety, Prudence, and Vertue, are rendred too weak to resist the more prevailing practice of disorder and vice. Wherefore if such who are properly Judges have thought fit to give this Comedy any Credit with the world, the Author will not have cause to conceive its value impair'd by the condemnation of those (though the major part) who wanted either wit, or candor, to allow its repute. As on the other side, the respect of these several persons of ingenuity, and worth, who have thought it deserving

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of the Ornaments of their Pens, I doubt not is enough to confirm the Reader that if it be not so good as the Author could wish, it wants not the vindication as well as attest of impartial and knowing apprehensions.

The

To the Author of the *New Vtopia*.

I

BEyond the merit of the Age
You have adorn'd the Stage
So from rude farce to Comick order brought
Each action and each thought
To so sublime a Method as yet none
But mighty Ben alone
Durst ere compare, and he at distance too;
Were he alive, he would resign to you
Thou hast outdone even what He writ,
In this last great Example of thy wit.
Thy Solymour does his Morose destroy,
And thy Black Page undoes his Barbers Boy:
His whole College of Ladies must retire
Whilst we thy braver Heroins do admire.
This New Vtopia rais'd by thee
Shall stand a Structure to be wonder'd at,
And men shall say this! this is he
Who that Poetick City did create,
Of which Moor only did the Model draw
Thou did compleat that little world, and gave it Law:

2

If you too great a Prospect do allow
To those whom ignorance do at distance seat
'Tis not to say the object is less great,
But they want sight to apprehend it so;
The Antient Poets in their times
When through the Peopled Streets they sung their Rhimes,
Found small applause, they sang, but still were poor,
Repeated wit enough at every door
To've made them Demy Gods, but 'twould not do
Till Ages more refin'd esteem'd them so:
The Modern Poets have with like success
Quitted the Stage, and falli'd from the Press.
Great Johnson scarce a Play brought forth
But Monster-like it frighted at its birth;

Yet he continu'd still to write
And still his Satyre did more sharply bite
He writ though certain of his doom
(Knowing his Power in Comedy)
To please a wiser Age to come;
And though he weapons wore to justifie
The reason of his Pen; he could not bring
Dull souls to sence by Satyre nor by Cudgelling.

3.

In vain the errors of the times
You strive by wholsome precepts to confute,
Not all your power in Prose nor Rhimes
Can finish the dispute,
Twixt those that damn, and those that do admire
The heat of your Poetick fire:
Your soul of thought you may imploy
A nobler way
Than in revenge upon a multitude,
Whose ignorance onely make them rude:
Should you that justice do
You must for ever bid adieu,
To Poetry Divine,
And every Muse o'th' nine;
For malice then with ignorance would joyn
And sound the world and you
And Ravish from them that delight
Of seeing the wonders which you write;
And all your glories, unadmir'd must lye,
As Vestal beauties are intomb'd before they dye.

4.

Consider, and consult your wit
Despise those Ills you must endure;
And raise your scorn as great as it,
Be confident, and then secure:
And let your rich fraught Pen
Adventure out again,
Maugre the storms which do oppose its course
(Storms which destroy without remorse:)
It may new worlds descry,
Which peopl'd from thy brain may know.

*More than the Universe besides can show ;
 More Arts of Love, and more of Gallantry :
 Write on, and let not after Ages say
 The Whistle, and rude Hills could lay,
 Thy mighty Sprite of Poetry,
 Which but the Fools and guilty fly ;
 Who dare not in thy Mirror see,
 Their own deformitie.*

*Where thou in two, The world dost Character,
 Since most of men Sir Graves, or Peacocks are.*

5.

*And shall that Muse which diderewhile
 Chant forth the glories of the Brittish Isle,
 Shall she who louder was than fame
 Now useles lye, and tame ?*

*She who late made the Amazons so great
 And she who conquer'd Scythia too
 Which Alexander ne'er could do ;
 Will you permit her to retreat ?
 Silence will like submission show
 And give advantage to the foe.*

*Undaunted let her once again appear
 And let her lowdly sing in every eare ;
 Then like thy Mistress eyes who have the skill
 Both to preserve and kill ;*

*So thou at once must be reveng'd on those
 That are thy foes ;*

*And on thy Friends such obligations lay
 As nothing but the deed, the doer can repay.*

A. Behn.

To the Author of the New Vtopia.
On the miscarriage of his Play in Acting.

IN vain he seeks to get the worlds applause,
Who only pleads the merit of his cause;
For now, alas, by faction, or by chance,
All happy Candidates their names advance.
Faction! the weight that renders good too light;
First mov'd by envy, malice, and despight;
And ever since indifferently try'd
To turn the Scale upon the weaker side.
Of old, as now, it did rewards bestow:
Witness the noblest *Romans* overthrow;
When standing for the Consulship in choice,
Their virtues yielded to the peoples voice.
Nor is repulse the worst; but many times,
Supreme deserts were punisht as great crimes:
So was this Play, by a consorted cry
Of wits and wittals, baffled and laid by.
They, to preserve themselves in force, condemn;
And these, like Pensioners, to follow them:
While both presume of nonsense to impeach,
Because some fancies went above their reach:
Conceit and language only proving good,
Where by the hearers they are understood.
But trust the Press to vindicate the Stage,
And show their judgment was th'effect of rage,
Each Scene will there such pointed reasons urge,
As may the Blades at once convince and scourge.
Thus triumpht *Horace* o'er his sinking Fate,
Making th'united Brothers separate:
Who in a Body durst pronounce your Doom,
Doubt not but singly you shall overcome.

To the Author of the *New Vtopia*.

I.

How happy, Sir, was the last age
When learned Johnson rul'd the Stage
That Stri^ct observer of mankind.
Men were the Books he read, and he
Made the whole town his Libraries;
Theatres were then the Schools
Of good morality, where Knaves and Fools
Their follies saw, and vices acted so,
Shame, those made honest, these, wiser grow.
In every Scene he writ we find
With Pleasure Profit joyn'd,
And every Comedie
He did intend
An Errata Page should be,
To show men faults and teach 'em how to mend.

2.

But this age disesteems true Comedy
'Cause 'tis the mirrour of the times
That doth reflect mens follies and their Crimes:
So some affected Lady 'cause her glass
Shows her how ill she manages her face,
Is out of humour with't and throws it by.
Now Comedy to Farce gives place,
Which but its Zany is, and pleases more
With its Grimace,
Than all the Arts of Comedy before:
Yet is but Comedy turn'd Ridicule,
Or humours shown in Masquerade
An antick playing of the fool,
Which does so fast advance
Comedy is laugh'd out of Countenance.

3.

But you adventure to retrieve
The fading glories of the Stage,
Whilst this Play you more than gives

To the unthankful age.
 Great Ben thought it enough to swear
 That his were good
 Believe me so they are,
 Could we but find a man had as much wit
 To read and judg of them as he that writ.
 The same fate now
 Do's your Play disallow,
 'Tis lik'd by as few as understood.
 Our age before
 Ne'er had a Play like this, nor e'er again
 Will such another see, lest you once more
 Imploy your Pen,
 Which you must do in scorn of them
 That for your virtue do your wit condemn.
 Their spight
 Brings you more praise than all your friends can write,
 And does assert
 Your Fame :
 For where there's envy, there's desert,
 That still at excellence doth aim.
 So mungrel Curs are known
 To bark against the brightness of the Moon,
 But let such Criticks still pursue
 Their malice, and do you
 Write on, 'tis not allow'd
 By fate, their breath
 Should raise a lasting Cloud.
 For after death
 Like other Poets you shall have
 The Bays you merit Planted on your grave.
 No Poet ere a greater fame acquir'd,
 Than living, to be envy'd, dead, admir'd.

Edward Ravenscroft.

To

To the Author of the New Utopia.

I.

I have oft in silence griev'd to see
Poor and afflicted Poetry,
(Of late so much ador'd)
Rudely by ignorance dethron'd,
Till you, brave Sir, did timely succour bring,
And by your Art restor'd
That poor distressed and deposed Queen.

2.

You've built her Throne much brighter than before
Adding vast treasures to her wasted store;
You have enlarg'd her power, and detain
By the sole virtue of your Pen;
And have remov'd all that usurp'd the sway,
That she might rule
Without Controul
Not Fetter'd by penurious and rebellious law.

3.

You've added *New Utopia* to her Crown
Richly Adorn'd with trophies of your own,
Surpassing Antient *Babylon* or *Rome*,
This shall the Eternal seat of Empire be
To love and Poesie:
In whose soft reign their subjects shall not know
The noise of wars
Or Civil jars,
Whose mighty empire most in peace does grow.

4.

In the next age, of this it will be said;
They practise by the pattern you have laid.
Your prudent Morals that world will reform
Which now are lost and smother'd in the Storm.
Proceed, great soul, and fear not a worse Doom;
But like a Ship bear through your Course
Against the wind and waters forces,
Scattering the angry Billows and their foam,

5.

You first controul'd the ill-manner'd Stage,
Obliging, by correcting vice, the Age;
You've sing'd the tattering Pinnions of that Rhime
In which our flock of wits seem to sublime:
Their maim'd and helpless Muse now grovelling lyes;
Flushers and beats the earth but cannot rise.

b

You've

You've banish'd from the Stage their Jill and Ruffian too,

(Enough a thousand Poets to undo)

For this they hate and snarle at you.

You like the wiser Ages these detest,

And all your modest Scenes

Seem fill'd with Queens,

Only more fair they are and humbly drest.

6.

When you have travers'd all the Sciences,

Your patient soul in these sweet Arts you ease :

You Court your Muse neither for gain nor Dower

But all your flame and passion's pure :

Your thoughts you show in such a comely drefs,

As never sullied Theater nor Press;

Yet so severely prick

That the most sluggish Ass does kick,

And scourge no less the fool and lunatick.

7.

You have disturb'd our Poets Hive,

And what will spoil their game,

The stolen sweets you do proclaim,

By which the lazy Wasps do live.

You must expect they'll buzz a- while about

But yet one breath

Like sudden storm or death,

Will quickly scatter all that peevish rout.

8.

Unwearied Ben in the ungrateful Age

Propt up the flooping ruins of the Stage;

He bravely finish'd what he knew was good,

Scorning the envy of the multitude;

Rebuk'd, and then sustain'd with patience

The poor and rude

Revilings of the Croud,

And whipt the foolish world at last to lence.

9.

Cease not to do undauntedly the laws

And you'll succeed that great man in his fame,

Beaumont and witty Fletcher then as due,

Will yield their Antient glories up to you.

Go on, your help you may too long defer

And then this Age must give to you

What that to Ben did owe

And call you the supporter of the ~~lunatick~~ ^{lunatick} theater.

Sam. Chas.

Prologue.

Prologue.

THe New Utopia ! It's not pretty too
 If this our Comedy more strange things shew
 Than all Romantick Tales y^e have heard of old
 Of love and honour ? (though more lately told.)
 And that you Ladies, see your Sex above
 The power of men, and so command their love ?
 But where's the Art to form these gay things here,
 Led by that Angel Wit, you Criticks fear ?
 Who (Devil-like) to Poets teach despair :
 Nay more ; I'll thus of our men Actors say,
 They sleight perhaps how you'll receive this Play,
 Like lazy Hirelings having shar'd their Pay :
 But for us Women, we protest to All
 Above the men (who are oblig'd by pati)
 And wish that vigour will perform it too,
 You'll wish your own Amour were acted so :
 Tho' 'tis your int'rest to be pleas'd to day
 To encourage Poets (after him) to pay
 As much beforehand ere we act new Play.
 And then 'tis Odds you'll find such cautious wit
 That few will venture who have ill ones writ,
 To be by Criticks and themselves cross'd ;
 Th' excuse the Poet gives, it was with him
 Perhaps like such who in discourse and Wine,
 Think all they write and say is fine,
 Till wiser thoughts the past condemn
 Yet he presumes that most of all you here
 Have been content to pay Six days at dear,
 When but a petty farce has been your share ;
 But I'd almost forgot that you may take
 A forfeit for each bolder word I speak
 Tho' it be past, may hold good Prologue sence,
 To have dar'd you wish less wit than confidence,
 Like those Romantick favours some dispence :
 'Tis here with Writers as with other men,
 Suppose them rich, their wit you make so then :
 Do the like now ; and you perhaps may find
 You're not Conzen'd more in being kind.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Adam Meridith.	Mr. Underbil.
Sir Grave Solymour.	Mr. Medburn.
Mr. Franckman.	Mr. Harris.
Polidor, a Noble person.	Mr. Young.
Featlin, Son to Sir Solym.	Mr. Crosby.
Foppering.	Mr. Nokes.
Peacock.	Mr. Angel.
Euphorbus.	Mr. Shermond.
Orlando Curioso.	Mr. Sandford.

Serina, A noble Lady.	Mrs. Betterton.
Celinda.	Mrs. Shadwell.
Crispina.	Mrs. Lang.
Eugenia.	Mrs. Lee.
Petilla.	Mrs. Dixon.
1. Lady.	Mrs. Ford.
2. Lady.	Mrs. Clough.

A Blackamoor Boy disguiz'd like a Woman.
 4 Cittizens and Magistrates.
 Page and Attendants.

Scene, *Tropia*

(I)

THE

Six Days Adventure, OR THE NEW UTOPIA.

The First Act.

Enter Meridith and his Boy.

Merid.



Oy! Fetch me a glass of Sack;

Or no matter---

[*Boy offers to go out.*]

I do not feel I want it, besides I scorn

That these gray-hairs shall be beholding to

A dram of artificial mirth,

I'll keep a Cordial still within me, here.

Boy. What mean you Sir?

Merid. To be from this day young again.

Boy. That's impossible, Sir.

Merid. 'Tis in my power, Boy; I find that Age
Is partly affectation, a ridiculous gravity,
Worse than folly, or dotage.

Hast thou writ the song out fair I gave thee?

Boy. I have writ the Rhime true at least, Sir;
And that's it which makes the musick.

Merid. Away, away; I should be loath
To make such a Satyrical repartee to any of our Poets:
Give me the song.

B

Boy. Shall

(2.)

Boy. Shall I sing it?

[Boy deliver the Song

Merid. No Boy, I'll not entertain my self at
The Second hand; should a Lady offer her voice
As amorous as I feel my self to be, I'd

Rather desire her pardon, and make use of my natural Air

Boy. This matter of mine was ever inclin'd to mirth; [aside.
But this has too much of the extreme, that did I but
Observe such another Example, and were old enough
To be skill'd in the Stars, I should judge
We had a various world towards.

[Meridith having ponder'd on the Song a while,
with an airy posture, sings it.

The Song.

1.
Though Nature, some tell, grows old, grows old,
And youth and age decay;
In spite of all her winters cold
I merrily sing
My ages spring:
And can love at this day,
And can love at this day.

2.
Whilst on my head these hairs do show,
That time is old, not I
Unless his hours more youthful flow
And Autumn meet
With Summers heat;
Who else must live and die
Less pleasantly than I.

Merid. Away boy & set my Lute &
Viol in order---

{ Enter Sir Grave Solymour
at the end of the song, who
stops his ears hearing Me-
ridith sing.

I would be yet merrier did I know how--
And teach time to grow young again,
My joints I feel can spring a caper yet--

[Haleap
Soly.

Soly. Fie Sir *Adam Meredith!* What so vain? I am
Sorry I find cause to rebuke it; in a man
Of your years.

Merid. Good Sir *Grave Solymour* do not infect me
With your austerity: as I bear the name of *Adam*
So I will endeavour to be the first Man of mirth
Of my time.

Soly. What a vain world have we towards? an old Man
Turn'd young again?

Merid. Were I beholding to charms, like
Æson, your gravity might call me in question;
Or were I infirm, and diseas'd; or knew
Woman that despis'd my mirth, age, or me, as
Perhaps (though somewhat younger) you may find;
I might have cause to be less jovial, but
So long as I am resolv'd to be youthful,
Fate do thy worst.

Soly. O times! O manners!

Merid. What call you good times, or manners, but
Such as conspire most with our delights? Be it
War or peace, I am resolv'd to maintain my
Humour; and when I am dead, my life shall
Oblige some Poet or other by spiriting
Comedy with my Character.

Soly. You have good luck if you 'scape
Whilst you live: there are writers amongst us
Of such barren inventions, as they are forc'd to
Character the living, and could it but produce
Reformation amongst us, Satyrical Poets were
The most useful of all professions in *Utopia*.

Merid. What call you Reformation?

Soly. The suppression of vanity and vice.

Merid. I have heard of such a Sect in *England*
That would inveigh openly against all these, yet lov'd their
Regalio's, and the close embrace in private,
I hope you are not of the same complexion,

Soly. There's nothing more hard than to dissemble safely—[*Aside.*
But Sir though you censure freely, I hope
I may deserve so much of your Charity to
Be taken as I profess my self to be.

Merid. I'll be as candid, as you can deserve, or desire me.

Soly. To requite your favour, I'll put you in Mind of what you have cause to consider.

Merid. With all my heart, Sir.

Soly. But whether 'twill fit your jolly humour I make a question.

Merid. You need not Sir, I am prepar'd for all Things, the world can impose on me; a Non-resident: Priest lives not so much *sine cura*, as I do, And will do.

Soly. You might remember, we are this day in danger Of being unmann'd.

Merid. How unmann'd? Prethee how? [Feels below.
I should as unwillingly want any thing that belongs to Manhood, As any man of twenty in *Utopia*.

Soly. Or what is worse (if not prevented) our women. May this day claim the Government of us, and Our Country, by an unhappy custom sometime Practis'd here. Is this no judgment on our Vanities?

Merid. A meer happiness! the only mirth I look'd for: I know our Law saies, their time is come, And happy our Common-wealth, that is like to Exchange Clubs for Diamonds.

Soly. But more unhappy Ancestors. Where was their Judgments, their resolutions in gratifying the Weak and vainer sex, with such a Law? 'Tis torment to My senses.

Merid. But in mine the most natural of all Governments. Was not first man, then woman? So in dominion here: Our constitution saies, that they and we must rule by Turns: Though as a man, I could be well enough content My own sex might be still superiour; but be merry and Amorous, and no matter, Knight.

Soly. That any man upward of 60 years should be thus Extravagant! Well *Solymour*; tho' thy inclinations May be as prone to vice, there is some honour in thy Disimulation: A gilded pill deceives the eye, though Not the taste. [Aside.

Enter.

Enter Frankman.

Merid. Mr. *Frankman*, well met.

Frank. Sir *Adam*, I joy to see you ! I perceive there's no Decay of Mirth in you, whatsoever there is in nature.

Merid. Thanks be to heaven, I feel none : My gray hairs Do not lessen my Genius, but rather improve it by Putting me in mind of the silver Age, of which the Poets sung so merrily in times past ; and were sixteen My Rival, I should think that woman too blame, That would not make me her choice.

Frank. God a mercy old boy.

Merid. And how do the Ladies of our acquaintance ?

Frank. You would not make love to them ?

Merid. Were I sure they would not neglect me for these gray hairs, I'd say something.

Frank. A merry heart may do much, you know what Times are towards us.

Merid. I know, I know ; and have been winning of Sir *Solymour* ; but he's so austere.

Frank. Oh he's a man of magistracy, though I believe no better A member of the Common-wealth, than he should be. [*Aside.*

Soly. And must blush with others ; if I lay down my authority. At the foot of a petticoat : are you for a resignation Mr. *Frankman* ?

Frank. Not violent, but rather indifferent ; since the Law allows it Tho' I doubt not, we have some Magistrates of your grave Sence, that will unwillingly resign.

Soly. May heaven reward them !

Frank. But when I consider the Novelty, To see this Lady vie With t'other, for beauty, place, and superintendency ; 'Twill be such a gay government.

Mere. And so sportive and aery, that an Anarchy under them Would be pleasant.

Soly. Our predecessors, have been curs'd in their Cradles, or what Is worse, fool'd by their Wives.

Frank. Do not torment your self so much, good Sir *Solymour*, the Utmost time is but a year and a day, and 'tis odds, if they

Obtain

Obtain it, whether 'twill last to the next Moonlight, as Matters may fall out.

Soly. Were it not for our sins, I should hope better things, But the time we live in, is degenerate, and vicious, above All others.

Frank. A mere vulgar error, maintain'd by some peevish examples Of formality, and age : Are not the Sun and Stars of the same Temper, and heat they ever were : The Elements likewise the Same, and consequently our constitutions that depend on These, not more variable or degenerate in this than in other ages Of the world : but if your past youth have offended, or That you have any clandestine sin lies heavy on your Conscience, 'twill become your gravity in due time, to Repent, and acknowledge it.

Merid. God a mercy, young heart, thou hast spoke my sence To purpose.

Soly. And touches home, but I hope ignorantly-- [*Aside.*]
I should be loath to blush for my hypocrisy.

Ha! --- what noise is this;

[*Hoboy's sound.*]

Merid. Hoboy's, Sir : In my younger years they were us'd On the stage to represent state and triumph.

Enter Foppering.

Frank. And he at the end on't? then we shall have an Enterlude to purpose.

Soly. By your leaves Gentlemen, I would be excus'd The hearing of it. [*Soly. offers to go out.*]

Frank. You shall not take it by your favour Sir, untill you Know the occasion of his presenting himself thus.

Foppering. A ha-- boys--

[*Hoboy's again.*]

Soly. I beseech you Sir, I love no instrumental sound, to which Purpose I have caus'd all the instruments in my house To be broken.

Frank. I fear a sign of no good nature in you.

Merid. Or a strange antipathy to mirth.

Fopp. Victory! Victory, fellow Citizens, of *Utopia*!

Soly. Such an extravagance as this, a man would leap down A precipice to avoid.

Frank,

Frank. The great *Mogul* has not invaded us, and is beaten off?

Fopp. And thereby hangs a tale boys, and thereby hangs a tale boys.

Merid. Proceed thou spirit of joy.

Soly. May not I withdraw yet?

Frank. Give him the hearing first;—It may concern our common-Wealth——Go on Sir.

Fopp. Why to tell you true Gentiles, as be it known to all the World, I hate lying.

Frank. That parenthesis might have been spar'd.

Fopp. And as I am a Gentleman of truth, and honesty, as I said before. —

Sol. Yet again!

Would I were in a Mill that I might not hear the Whilst.

Fopp. Then know all absent and present that I *Tom Foppering* Having bin the last night, at some odds with my Wife, and so Forth; as you know, 'tis not easy for married People to be Always even with one another.

Frank. A pleasant contentfon I hope.

Fopp. We fell at last to single duel.

Merid. Naked I hope.

Fopp. As old as you are, you'r mistaken, I had my shirt on And she her smock.

Soly. O Monstrous! Above the patience of *Socrates* to endure!

Frank. Have a little more, he's coming to a period.

Fopp. And, as I said before, being both naked, or which is all One, I in a smock, and she in a shirt, as I told you already.

Frank. This is one symptom of a lyar-- he wants memory— But no matter. —

Fopp. We fell to hand and foot. —

Merid. And nothing else?

Fopp. And to say truth I had the better on her by a fall or two, And brought her to such a submission, that for my sake She'l not attempt to rule in private or publick.

Frank. Mark that Sir *Solimour*; would the rest of our Females could be so compounded with.

Fopp. Nay more to our greater joy, fellow Citizens, I made her Give me her word that she would oppose her sex in our Behalfes, if they did but offer at government.

Soly. Is this certain?

Fopp. She promis'd it on her knees, as I love stew'd prunes.

Frank. Lo you there Sir, and yet you are so severe, you would Not hear so much.

Soly. I confess my error, and beg your pardon, Sir; you may be Taken notice on for a Patriot of your countrey.

Merid. A Parrot rather, for in my sence he talks by roat.

Soly. By your leave Gentlemen.

Frank. I hope you'l convey this good news, as occasion Serves.

Fopp. And extol my exploits with due praise.

Soly. Your deserts oblige it. [Ex. Sir Solymour.

Frank. A stiff piece of formality.

Merid. And used such discourses against mirth, and vanity!—

Frank. O he has got lately into office (perhaps beholding to his Money, which sometimes creates honour, and preferments, sooner Than wit or honesty--- You pleas'd him Mr. *Foppering* To a hair.

Fopp. I am glad to do my friends, and the publick, service:

Enter Peacock.

Frank. Mr. *Peacock* well met.

Peac. And so are you Mr. *Frankman*, and you, Sir *Adam*. But For you Mr. *Foppering*, I am more than your *tres humble* *Serviteur*.

Fopp. I return your salutation in my mothers tongue, for want Of a better, Sir, giving you my embrace thus. [They bug.

Frank. O here were a sight indeed to trouble *Solymours* Patience--- but Mr. *Peacock*—

Peac. Your ready observer—

Frank. Sparing my return of your complement; had you been here Even now.

Peac. What then? Sir?

Frank. Why you have lost the seeing of such a sight.

Peac. A sight Sir.

Frank. Yes Sir, and such an one as the glory of *Rome* can't parrallel Your friend Mr. *Foppering* hath had such a victory, and Triumph upon it.

Fopp. Good Sir, no more; a slight passage betwixt my wife and me, *Frank.*

Frank. 'Tis your Modesty to call it so.

Peac. Nay Mr. *Foppering*, if you will conceal from your friend.

Fopp. Why in good faith, Mr. *Peacock*, to tell you true, I am Asham'd to mention it; I had only a single Combat With my wife, and as I may tell you and the rest of my Friends, had something the better on her Ladyship.

Merid. 'Bating the folly, I have not met with such a jolly passage I know not when. —

Frank. You must allow a little.

Merid. With all my heart, proceed.

Frank. And yet you'l grant her a smart one, as most this Clime hath produc'd.

Fopp. That I confess Sir, but as we men of valour say, The more Danger, the more honour.

Peac. Passion on my heart, a brave expression: O that I had a Wife too! —

Frank. To what purpose? —

Peac. Marry that I might beat her more to purpose (a Wife, Than ever woman was beaten; but though I am not so happy to have I have a mistress I dare be bold with; I'll go presently And swaddle her soundly.

Fopp. Do, do, Mr. *Peacock*; if she be a woman, she cannot but Deserve it.

Frank. By no means Sir, 'twere unjust--- [*Frank. stays him.*]

Peac. I beseech you Sir, permit me as you love my honour.

Frank. That's a motive indeed.

Peac. And you shall see what a triumph I'll show you, (shall outdo *Fopperings*) with a Drum and flying Colours, which I assure You, in contempt shall be made of her Petticoats.

Merid. Spare me, spare me, *Frankman*, I shall die laughing else.

Frank. Come! you shall help to persuade — [*To Foppering.*]

Fopp. With all my heart; I was never against reconciliation, whether It were with man or woman.

Peac. Well Sirs, if you had not interceded, I had paid her Coat for her, I'd have you to know, I do not fear Taffetty, when 'tis in my way.

Frank. On my Conscience thou canst act the part of a man under A Petticoat--- but enough of this matter.

We must now be serious.

Peac. 'Good faith; 'Twas my business Sir, Tho' I took this heat

In my way, a man must stand upon honour you know Sir.

Frank. I confess you could not well do otherwise, and such a President as Mr. *Foppering* to emulate.

Fopp. Excuse me Sir, I have no such ambition but by way of Discourse, or so forth.

Frank. Is not this pleasant *Meredith*?

Mer. It tickles me over and over; I could find in my heart to Make a Copy of verses on the occasion; I find my wit Youthful too; I thank my Stars.

Frank. By no means, 'twould dishonour your Muse, and is rather a Fit subject for our Lampooners that want invention Otherwise.

Peac. But to be serious, as you were saying Sir, I would ask You a capital question.

Frank. What is it?

Peac. Why, I would desire your judgment whether my periwig; be A la mode or no? or what say you Sir? or you Sir?

Frank. A capital question indeed amongst many of our Gallants. [Aside.

Merid. Why Sir, I judge it fits as well on your head, as it would On any mans it fits worse.

Fopp. Would mine did deserve one as good.

Pea. And for my Cloaths Gentlemen?

Frank. Exact to a Thread.

Peac. In good sooth — I am afraid they are not fantastical: Enough as the world goes — but I have provided others With such an invention!

Merid. As how! as how?

Peac. Why, as I am call'd *Peacock*, so I am resolv'd my habit: Shall be various, that is to say, as much as in me lies, I Will Carry my Name on my back; Is not this an invention?

Frank. Excellent! there's not such a Toyish thing thought on, since Vests were first in use.

Peac. But an hours patience, and if my Taylor be not perfidious. And breake his word with me, you shall behold me *Peacock-like* indeed... I'll speak to him about it, Presently.

Frank. You can't do better.

[Ex. Peac.]

Enter

Enter Serina, Crispina, Ingenia,
Petilla and other Ladies.

[Fopp. *observes himself*
when he sees his wife.

Merid. Ladies, your humble servant.

Serin. You preserve your mirth still, Sir *Adam.*

Merid. And shall do, fair ones, as long as I have to do
With flesh and blood, the fires of love are not
Extinguish't yet, I thank providen c.

Serin. A spritely piece of antiquity.

Euge. And of any ingenious humour: were I courted by him,
As I am a Virgin, I think I should not have the heart
To deny him.

Frank. Madam — I am yours.

[To Crispina.

Crisp. You have my thanks, but I shall hardly take you
At your word.

Frank. I am sure you'l not be so unkind to forget.

Crisp. Not that we have talk'd of love, or so — pray
Ladies, forward, the time is expir'd already.

Frank. For what?

Petil. To possess and enjoy what belongs to us — mark that,
You Sons of earth.

Frank. They'l not allow us to be sons of women shortly.

Petil. And she that will quit her share in government, may
She never have an obsequious servant, or obedient
Husband.

Frank. That were too much Madam.

Merid. A Brisk Lady i'faith.

Serin. Now by your leave Gentlemen —

Merid. I am sorry you afford us so short a happiness, your
Company's a second life to me.

Petil. We have some affairs with our body politick. [Ex. Ladies.

Frank. I see they will have a pull for the Government
Come off how we can — but wheres *Foppering*? [Fopp. *discovers.*

Fopp. I had some occasion to step aside a little.

Frank. And your Wife here, I could not have thought it.

Fopp. But I did Sir, on some Considerations.

Merid. I suppose so.

Frank. Prethee follow her and keep her in humour (if
Possible) it may be of concern to our common-wealth.

Fopp. You shall command me Sir--- but if I come within her Reach, it shall be against my will—— [Ex. *Fopp.*

Frank. A Bragadochio *Fopp*, and assure as I live his wife beats him.

Merid. I would not wish to see it, though 'twere some diversion, as He carries the matter. [Enter *Boy*

Boy. Some of the Chief Magistrates of *Utopia*, Desire admittance.

Merid. Wait on them hither——

[Ex. *Boy.*

Enter Sir Solimour with five or six Magistrates who are shew'd Seats.

Soly. By your favour Sir, you must be here, your years Require the respect.

Merid. You must excuse me Sir, I have done with debates and Councils of this kind, and the world's welcome to me, Which way soever it turns, thanks to my Genius.

1. *Magis.* You are much alter'd of late.

Merid. For the better I hope--but to your business, here is my place.

Frank. And mine here——

Soly. The business, fathers, { *Meridith and Frank. seat themselves at the lower end of the Rest.*

That requires our consideration, is a high point of Government.

2. *Mag.* And of no less concern, than whether we men shall govern, Or this Common-wealth have women Magistrates that in order Of nature should be our subjects.

1. *Magis.* Prudently stated.

3. *Magis.* Though it be acknowledg'd that our Law doth give Them right at this time.

Soly. But not executed within mans memory, I take it.

1. *Mag.* That's granted.

2. *Mag.* And may be therefore, the more reasonably prevented.

Soly. Besides the vanity & scandal, such a government may produce.

3. *Magis.* Spoke like Sir *Grave Solymour.*

Frank. What pains does he take to be thought—— [Aside to *Meridith.*
Better than he is?

Merid. 'Tis his way, 'tis his way; tho' I am asham'd that a man Of his age, should have a disposition so antipathiz'd To mine.

[To *Frank.*
Soly.

Soly. These things being consider'd -- I judge it suitable to
Our Gravities and discretions, to detain the power in
Our hands.

3. *Mag.* The world cannot but applaud it. (time ?)

1. *Magis.* But what shall we do to govern our wives in the mean

2. *Mag.* That's a question indeed fellow Citizen, considering how
Absolute they rule at home.

1. *Mag.* And as much affect it in private affairs, in so much that
Sometimes the mannagement of Kingdoms, and States, comes
Under their power: What think you Gentlemen? [To Frank. & Merid.]

Frank. That I am happy in being not marri'd.

Merid. And I, that I am able to love yet.

Soly. Fy, you are not serious.

2. *Mag.* And speak from the question. (as

Frank. I suppose some of your Gravities will be able to apply it,
Your Wives may handle the matter.

Enter Foppering hastily, and in disorder.

Fopp. O Gentlemen !

Soly. What's the bus'ness ?

Fopp. Outragious things in agitation ! our Women are turning
Mankind, and using of their vigours the wrong way.

Merid. That were a strange Metamorphosis.

Fopp. I saw at least a dozen uppermost with men under them,
Who lay as flat as flounders ; the Streets crowded, and
Disorder'd ; sweet-hearts and their servants together by the
Ears ; Husbands beaten by their Wives twice over.

Frank. And how 'scap'd you ?

Fopp. Excuse me Sir ; you know my superintendency — Besides
Potts, Kettles, Dripping-pans, and Skillets, such Weapons
As I thought women would not have fought with
Out of doors, have made such batteries, and broke many
A hard and horn'd forehead, I suppose —

Merid. This will make work for Tinkers.

Fopp. Enough to employ that Trade in my conscience an-age.

Soly. What a Moon of madness are we come to ?

Frank. But you have undertaken for your wife Sir?

Fopp. As far as the best member I have can serve the Common-Wealth 'tis yours: in the mean time, I'll see what becomes Of my Spouse amongst the rest ---

[*Ex. Fop.*

Soly. An obliging person ——— Gentlemen your assistance.

Frank. To do any but fight with women or cats.

Merid. Rather let us endeavour to bring them into humour, and So quit their pretences that way.

2. *Mag.* I fear 'tis impossible! Here are some { *Enter Petilla*
Of the Female Party. & *Crispina.*

Frank. And *Foppering's* wife one of them.

Merid. Were he present, 'Tis odds we should see a smart Combat Betwixt them. [*Petilla and Crispina set up their arms.*

Petill. Now Gentlemen; you that deny our Authority, make it good and meet us man To Woman, if you dare.

Merid. Well said spirit of *Venus.*

Crisp. There's my Glove to second her, take up who please,

Frank. I'll rather kiss it, and return it you again.

Soly. This surpasses Amazonian impudence.

Frank. Or rather shews us that women will do more for power Than Love, we seldom find they venture to die for that; I Presume to say so much in your behalf, Madam.

Crisp. Keep your distance Sir, and know with the rest you have But one hour to answer our demands ———

Petill. That's too much by one Moiety, it shall be but half an hour.

1. *Mag.* And to whom must we apply?

Petill. To those with us, who represent the good women of the Nation.

Frank. Instead of the good people, one of our old Common-wealth's Terms.

2. *Mag.* Is there no accomodation to be had?

Crisp. Not any, until the power's first acknowledg'd ours.

Petill. Without which you shall have War, private and Publick; The Plagues of *Aegypt* shall be short of what We Women will inflict on men that are disobedient.

I suppose the most of you have Wives or Mistresses, or both, And so adieu ---

Ex. Women.

Frank. A menace to purpose.

1. *Mag.* A Fury could not have express the like.

Soly.

Soly. What Catastrophe are we like to suffer?

Merid. A Gentle one at worst, I'll warrant you,
'Tis but being Amorous, and pleasant. [Drum beats.]

1. *Mag.* Ha! what noise is this? more alarms towards?
Would I were fairly rid of my office.

2. *Mag.* Or that I had given up mine to my Wife, without
A demand—my forehead will ake for it I fear.

Omn. Mag. Again, again. [Trumpet sounds.]

Frank. 'Tis a Trumpet.

3. *Mag.* Our women are taking horse then.
Frank. To scratch us with their Nails think you? [Trumpets again.]

Soly. O I am astonish'd!

Frank. Have you no wool to stop your Ears?

Soly. I fear I shall never hear more.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot chuse but laugh, should
I die for't.

Frank. You need not apprehend, the Drum and Trumpet
Speak comfort and sound a parly.

Soly. Then let us breathe a while—and so repent of our sins.

Frank. Do, good Sir, with the rest of this reverend presence, with-
Put on your night-Capps, and so consider what's to be done. (draws)

Omn. Mag. Your advice is obliging and discreet.

Frank. Come *Meridith*. [Ex. omnes.]

The Second Act.

Enter Sir Solimour and three Magistrates.

Soly. I Wish I knew how to advise your Gravities.

1. *Mag.* Your counsel has been ever prudent.

Soly. But things are come to such an Exigent.

2. *Mag.* And the more violent, for the persons we have to deal with
Being women.

1. *Mag.* Besides many of them wives, that have been in full command
Already.

Soly.

Soly. I must confess it is the fate of most Cities (tho' a deplorable one)
To suffer under the female Yoake: Every puss that dares but
Scratch, will offer at supremacy. (be, besides —)

2. *Mag.* And make not a few of us greater beasts than we should

Soly. Methinks this creature, Woman, much resembles the Eel, on
Which there's least hold to be taken by the tail.

2. *Mag.* Your Gravity says right: 'Tis a slippery propriety we have
In that Sex.

Soly. But hard to be reform'd, since so spiteful a decree
Of Nature, that the most serious can hardly resist it, nay
Content to make love sometimes their recreation and
Leisure.

3. *Mag.* We must acknowledg it.

Soly. I wish we could not, but as the Poet sings;
Et mentem dedit ipsa Venus: 'Tis in us, and will have
To do with us.

Enter Frankman.

1. *Mag.* Here comes Mr. Frankman.

Soly. I beseech you, what news?

Frank. Not better Sir, than I could wish — our women
Are violent still.

1. *Mag.* Not to be compounded with on reasonable terms?

Frank. There are but few of that Sex, will usually hear
Propositions of that kind.

2. *Mag.* Suppose we are content to govern with them?

3. *Mag.* And so joyn body politicks?

2. *Mag.* Or that we might govern by day, and they by night.

Soly. An Empire so divided, I think I might comply with.

Frank. I judge you would Sir, but they require a dominion
Somewhat more absolute I fear; besides most wives have
A larger Prerogative already, than you mention.

3. *Mag.* That's granted,

Soly. But an immodesty, and sin as big as impudence to
Dwne it.

Frank. 'Tis not deny'd — Nor can I blame you for repining
At these days, Sir, *Solymour.*

Soly. To have power of life and love too.

Frank.

Frank. I Confess it severe—but for such as have wives
I suppose they may hold their Capacities, with the
Assistance of some others, to serve their Cures: for us that
Have none, We must do as well as we can: Women
Are like fruitful-Fields; if they lie fallow 'tis our
Own faults -- but let that pass. You must remember
Your utmost time is expir'd.

Soly. Is there no withholding? What [Enter Sir Adam.
Says Sir Adam Meridith?

Merid. If you mean Power, let it pass, and be merry without it.
The Females have gotten the rein in their Mouths, there's
No pulling of them back: I have perswaded all my Friends
And acquaintances to comply.

Soly. Is't possible?

Merid. O Sir, I would not lose the pleasure of their regency
To tell my years back again.

Frank. You see Magistrates, how we are divided in opinion.

1. *Mag.* Is there no remedy?

Frank. None as I suppose; you have mov'd a Nest of Hornets
That have stings some where.

Merid. And will be about your ears presently, except you conform.

Soly. Since there is no prevention I comply.

Frank. Away, away Sirs, lest the time be elaps'd and they inflict
Punishment for it, or put us in the Stocks, as some Non-con-
Formist-Priests deserve amongst us.

2. *Mag.* We shall haste with ceremony and observance.

Merid. Lest you hear the Drum and Trumpet again, to put you
In mind of your duty --- away, away -- [Ex. *Soly. and Mag.*

Frank. So, so: the work's done.

Merid. I would not have it undone, for any pleasure I know;
The Novelty must be delightful; and to speak truth
Our Masculine Common-wealth like others in the World
Hath been factious enough.

Frank. There's a Magisterial spirit of division in the best, that
Ever I read of, and not seldom destroys it self: — but
To observe how our horn'd Citizens will wear their Brow
Antlers, under this new Militia, and government, and such
A Common-wealth of love towards,

Merid. As will put down Love's Kingdome I warrant thee.
The more womanish, the more interest for men of

Kind complexions,

Frank. Were I a woman, for thy humour's sake, I think
I should love and admire thee —

Who have we here; *Peacock?*

Enter Peacock drest in a ha-

Merid. And drest so like himself: I } *bit of Feathers.*

With you Joy of your new habit.

Peac. 'Tis a new mode I confess Sir, but I hope it suits
Both my name, and Genius;

Frank. O to a Feather Sir: I dare commend your fancy so
Farr — and where had you the Pattern?

Peac. As far off as the Indies: I thought none nearer Airy
Enough for me.

Merid. A pleasant and ingenious people, I have heard much of 'em.

Frank. O Sir, they can make bows and arrows out of a red
Herring: and for their Cloaths, they make them as you see
Mr. *Peacocks*, by using the Feathers of Parrots, and Para-
queto's.

Peac. You are in the right, Mr. *Frankman*.

Merid. And can they fly when they have done?

Frank. I know not that, and yet I suppose them as near a Kin
To *Icarus*, as any Nation living — 'Prethe *Peacock*
Let me be beholden to thee to describe some other of
Their qualities.

Peac. Why Sir, they have an especial faculty of uttering
Their minds in verse on all occasions, and though they
Walk in Feathers like Birds, as you see me, yet they
Are very profound in speech that way..

Merid. And affect poetry it seems.

Frank. He means I suppose the least part on't which is rhyme..

Merid. I thank you for your information: in my whole
Time I have not heard the like.

Frank. But to return to your self again, whom I conceive to be
No small wonder amongst the rest in agitation amongst
Us. —

Peac. 'Tis my desire I assure you to be the greatest:

Frank. I perceive it is; The Owl among the Birds
Will be nothing to what you'll be.

Peac. I hope so Sir; and to tell you truly, I have such an
Affection to that Bird; as I have alter'd my Coat of
Armes, on that Consideration..

Merid.

Merid. As how Sir, as how?

Peac. Why Sir, by placing the Owl there instead of the Eagle, Being a Bird not only more admir'd, but fitter to blazon A Coat than any other. I hope the heralds will be beholding To me for this invention.

Merid. By my heart a pleasant Imagination.

Frank. And reason too, since they have been so indiscreet hitherto As to express Coats of Arms as obscurely as the *Egyptians* Did their Hieroglyphicks. A man cannot guess whether Originally they belong'd to an honest man, fool, or Knave——but then Sir, for your Courtship?

Peac. What call you that?

Merid. He means love : A man of thy years and understand the Word no better !

Frank. And but even now confess'd he had a Mistress

Peac. Now I conceive you Gentlemen; a little warm tickling Thing, I have felt it ere now about me, sleeping, and waking.

Frank. The very same.

Peac. Why then I would have you to know, my Amours (as I take It a Modish word.)

Frank. It is so.

Peac. That is to say my Amours, shall be of a newer mode And most suitable to my humour, and this Airy habit. To which purpose I have lately bid Adieu to my Mistress I told you of.

Frank. I could not have believ'd a man of your complexion Could have been so cruel.

Peac. In good faith, Gentlemen, I could contain no longer, And was fain to entreat her patience——

Merid. You have not beat her I hope, as you threatend you Would, on a late occasion.

Peac. No, by my life ; and gave her as good Sugar, as ever was Given in words ; but told her, she must excuse her friend *Jack Peacock*, if henceforward he did not love her so Well as himself.

Frank. If that be all 'tis excusable, since few love in this age. On other terms; the more shame for *Cupid*.

Peac. But Sir, I gave her to understand I would be in love With my self only, and that I was resolv'd to think that I am the *Venus* and *Cupid*, and not she.

Merid. This is somewhat extraordinary indeed.

Frank. And when came this humour into your Imagination?

Peac. But two hours ago, as I read the Fable of *Narcissus*,
And have been so troubl'd ever since I cannot come at
My own face to kiss it, that to be reveng'd of Fate
I have broken a Douzen looking Glasses within this half-
Hour: O I could so hug these Cheeks of mine!

Frank. I wish you could come at your posteriors with it.

Peac. Nay I can kiss any place that belongs to me, I have
Begun with my Breast as sweetly as if they had been Dugs
Of *Venus*, next to my Armes, and embrace my self
Thus — then kiss my hands and Sigh, and so forward
To my great Toe.

Merid. O Admirable! half a Dozen humours as new as
This, would restore Comedy again.

Frank. Of which our Poets are in such want, or so barren of
Invention, that without being a *Naso*, 'tis easy to scent
Their Fox-like-thefts, from Plays and farces, to which they
Not seldome add their own rank libells to compleat their
Number of Characters.

Merid. And in this Motly manner abuse their friends and
Acquaintance.

Frank. I, and one another too, I have known it done.

Peac. O sweet self, sweet self! would to Heaven that Nature
Or Art could afford me such another self.

Merid. This is such another *Narcissus*.

Frank. But a greater Fopp than t'other was feign'd to be — and
I have a device will fit him to a hair.

Merid. 'Prethee let him know it.

Peac. How shall I love thee and admire thee enough, my sweet.
Pretty fine delightful self — O that I might be such
Another self unto my self.

Frank. Well Sir, suppose I put your desires in a way to be serv'd.

Peac. To be made such another man as I am, do you mean Sir?

Frank. What else Sir, to be such another man as you are without
Staying the time to beget him, that's your desire.

Peac. The very same Sir.

Merid. Ha ha, ha! hee'd be made two and yet continue still one.
There's no miracle above it.

Frank. And thus I advise you: There's in the City a man that

I have heard of, who undertakes to effect strange things
Without the help of Nature, nay, for a need in spite of
Her Teeth.

Peac. As how Sir ?

(which

Frank. Why, by extracting of Essences, and Quintessences, with
He pretends to make Gold as fast as one will butter
Eggs, or any thing out of nothing if he pleases.

Peac. This is the person I would know above the world.
And what his profession ?

Frank. He is called a Vertuoso in general, but held to be a
Kind of Magician and Chymist together, and so forth.

Peac. Hee'l not raise a spirit I hope.

Frank. Not that any body shall ever see I'll warrant you, however
By his Art he pretends to as great matters ; as Restau-
rations of Nature, making the Elements a new, out
Of which he can draw fire as pure, as that with which *Prome-*
theus kindl'd life in man first ; and such feats as these.

Peac. Away Sir, to him by any means ! but where shall I
Find him ?

Frank. That I forgot indeed, why he lives very near the Labour
In vain, if you open your mouth in the next Street
You'll hear of him, and withall let him know I
Commend you to him.—— I know hee's fool enough
To believe as great an impossibility.

[*Aside:*

Peac. I wish that my Feathers would supply me with Wings
That I might fly to him.——

[*Ex. Peacock.*

Merid. You have sent him away in a Mood indeed ; Nay,
Believing that this Miracle shall be effected of him.

Frank. The vanity of his humour and weakness of his sense
Does sufficiently comply to that purpose——Besides
There's no better way to reform folly, than when it suffers
By it's own Extravagance : Too much of self-love in any
Kind deserves some punishment.

Merid. A most ingenious piece of Justice.

Frank. And yet 'tis observable that foolery, as well as
Knavery, has ever had a favourable growth amongst us.

Merid. Like that we see in Tulips, there's none more gaudy
Than the fool, or of better esteem——I suppose there
May be found as good a Metaphor for the latter ; but
Give us Mirth, and honesty with it, and no matter on

What Systeme the world moves. —

Enter Foppering.

See! here comes *Foppering*.

Frank. One that is as excellent in his kind as t'other.

Merid. But not of so singular a Genius, as to be in love with himself.

Fopp. Well brain of mine, I am beholding to thee for something.

Frank. I think not: now Mr. *Foppering*! how go matters?

Fopp. So, so, Gentlemen.

Merid. Is that all from a man of thy invention?

Fopp. My friends of Mirth, you shall not say that *Tom Foppering* Has not something extraordinary to say, if occasion serves.

Frank. I thought so — but hast not been at Civil wars with thy Wife again.

Fopp. For my wife Sir, she and I agree as we please, and sometime Differ, if we think fit, tho' we know not why: There's Destiny in Marriage as well as in something else ——— you Know of.

Merid. We conceive you to a thread.

Fopp. But I can tell you of a greater female wonder than you Have heard of yet, will you believe me?

Frank. As far as we have cause at least.

Fopp. Fy, fy, you must allow something more to a friend Than that comes to; 'tis but an ordinary Civility as the World goes.

Merid. You shall have it then.

Fopp. Why then I must tell you, we have strange times towards.

Frank. That may be believ'd; and Women to govern.

Fopp. But my proof that we shall have such, is more miraculous Than all.

Frank. Proceed, we are a little in haste.

Fopp. Nay, you must not be in too much haste neither, there are Degrees in all things; but to come to the matter.

Merid. Do 'prethee, hate prolixity, as I do ill humour.

Fopp. 'Tis somewhat of the biggest to get out.

Frank. Swallow it back again.

Fopp. But you shall have it egregiously — and know that I *Tom Foppering* saw this very Moon.

Frank.

Frank. Where is she? this is day, and the Sun shining.

Fopp. Nay, and you'll put me out, who can help it.

Frank. Suppose it the Moon then.

Fopp. Why then Sir, I saw that very Moon, you and I suppose, put On a Milk-maids hat in yonder Grove last night.

Frank. And did not you make love to her?

Fopp. In good sooth I could not chuse.

Merid. You had been to blame else, and so acted Endymions Part to purpose. — ha —

Fopp. Nay, you know I can do as much with hand and foot As another — but it fell out we were prevented so Unluckily.

Frank. As how, prethee?

Fopp. Why an unlucky Owl, gave a Whoop, and frighted her To the very place you see her shine in now.

Frank. That's the Sun once more, Animal.

Fopp. But lest this Slipper behind her, which I will kiss Often, and call her Mistress still.

Merid. A Slip-shoo'd Moon.

Fopp. But friends not a word to my Wife.

Frank. Or if she knew it, she'd hardly be jealous.

Fopp. By the next Moon-light or before, you may know More perhaps of her favours.

Frank. In the mean time this tale of thine, does equal, if not Surpass, the greatest Doctor of Fables amongst all the Poets.

Fopp. That's the ambition of my ingenuity, Sir.

Frank. I believe thee Tom! What a Dialogue had this been to have Punish'd Sir *Grave Solymour* with.

Merid. And the Exclamations he would have made against vanity Enough to have tir'd a dozen Vestals one by one. I was never so sick of Age, as since I knew his Gravity.

Fopp. Please you Gentlemen that I go and make a relation to Him on purpose? [Enter *Crispina and Eugenia.*

Frank. You shall not at this time See here Are some of our Lady Magistrates. [They go towards 'em.

Crisp. How! Men, and come thus boldly towards us! where are Your manners?

Euge. I suppose you know we are Dames now.

Merid. And Pliant ones I hope, I should be loath to live an

Hour

Hour longer else, as quick as I feel life about me.

Eng. A smart humour of an old one.

Crisp. But we are now to think of power, and men after
As occasion serves.

Enter Petilla.

Frank. But play not the Tyrant with us Ladies, we wish
Your Dominion well, provided you'll love, and so forth.

Petil. My husband here! I'll stop a little—— [*She hides herself.*]

Crisp. 'Twill not belong e're we shall acquaint you with what
We require in order to your obedience.

Frank. We are your subjects already Ladies--but to tell you truth--
Here is a Gentleman that is a small dissenter, having
Had some difference lately with his wife, about Supremacy.

Fopp. A small contest Ladies, as much as came to a blow with the
Smart of my hand; or so.

Merid. And somewhat betwixt your feet, was't not?

Fopp. I thank your remembrance; but I am so good natur'd that
I chastise her first, and forgive her afterwards.

Petil. Do you so Sir? [*Discovers herself.*] { *Fopp. offers to go out.*

Frank. Nay, make it good now Sir. { *Frank. holds him.*

Petil. And has brag'd I should be no Mistress Magistrate
Of the Common-wealth, has he not?

Frank. I suppose he will not deny it.

Fopp. Excuse me Sir, as I am a man in favour with the Stars
I am in haste? —

Petil. I'll stay it a little-- [*Offers to save himself behind Frank.*]
And have t'other Slipper of the
Moons to find; have you so Sir?

Fopp. As sure as she dropt this in yonder Grove Wife!

Petill. In the meantime, I could find in my heart to make
Use of it about your pate.

Fopp. Do not profane it so I beseech thee, tho' to tell thee the
Truth, I cannot chuse but be in love with her horns.

Petil. Perhaps I may bestow a pair on you in time—— and then
For your belying of me, and our Sexes Authority.

Fopp. Thou know'st I love to talk for my Credit, or so.

Petil. And disparage my superiority, do you? [*Offers to beat him.*]

Fopp.

Fopp. By both my ears, which are at thy service, I
Scorn it Wife.

Petil. Would I could come at thy tongue as well.

Merid. No more good Madam.

Petil. Am I fit to govern now Sirr ah?

Fopp. By this hand of thine, which I kiss thus, and honour as the
Scepter of my obedience, Thou art, as thou know'st I was
Never against it betwixt our selves.

Frank. You must interpose Ladies, or here will be a battery at least.

Omn. La. Enough, enough, Madam. (you.)

Petil. And remember you come not near my bed till I command

Fopp. Not I, by my manhood, of which thou hast had so often
The better.

Petil. Perhaps I'll next send you to travail, and be sure if I
Do, you return a fine Gentleman.

Fopp. I'll do my utmost endeavour, Wife.

Frank. It may be, come back a verier fool than he went :
I have known it so in some.

Petil. In the mean time expect my further orders -- and take a care
How you tell any more tales of the Moon.

Frank. Away, away Tom! — But for this accident we should
Not have been rid of him so pleasantly.

Fopp. But I'll be in love with the Moon, in spite of her
Teeth, if I please.

Petil. Ladies! I beg your excuse for this passion of mine, tho' 'tis my
Fortune to have a Husband of a more weak and impotent
Sense, than some others in the World.

Crisp. We conceive you, Madam! —

Eng. A few more examples of this kind were motives enough
For us to use our Legislative power against marriages; it
Makes people fall so foul upon one another.

Crisp. That would live kindly otherwise. And consequently such a
Mischievous Conjunction,

Petil. For what concerns my interest in a husband, might I
Not be thought partial, I should give my vote with the
First.

Merid. And how would you provide for love, Ladies, then. As
Many years as I tell, I should be loth to live without it.

Frank. God a mercy for thy Quære i'faith old boy.

Crisp. Methinks he should not be one and twenty by his humour.

Eng. Bating his age, I have not known any thing more Taking.

Crisp. But for your Quære, 'tis as easily resolv'd as askt, There being many other ways to provide for the Toy you Talk of.

Petil. And may please flesh and blood as well I judge.

Crisp. Besides we women are not so little acquainted With those soft Intrigues, as to want due Caution, Without being beholding to a Matrimonial vow, which Men make no more conscience to break, than to gather Black-berries, or kindling of fire abroad, when their Own will not burn at home.

Petil. Gravely resolv'd ! Here comes
Our President, and other of our Magistracy. * Enter Serina and
Other Ladies.

Serin. I perceive by your familiarities the men have comply'd.

Merid. We dare assure it you.

Frank. In order to which, you'll soon have the acknowledgments Of our late Magistrates.

Serin. 'Tis well they have sav'd us the labour of obtaining our Rights otherwise.

Frank. What a Race of *Amazons* would these make ?

Serin. Please you, to our affairs now.

Merid. But first Ladies I have a favour to entreat.

Serin. What is it ?

Merid. That we joyn in a Dance, and as you have the Power Oblige us with a little of your mirth.

Serin. 'Tis something unseasonable. — But what say you Ladies ?

Crisp. I am not against it.

Om. Nor any of us.

Serin. Begin then, and take your Lady, Sir.

Merid. By your favour Madam. [Merid. takes out Eugenia

Frank. And I'll be here ! — [To Crispina.

Merid. And let the Tune be, *A merry world my Masters.*

Frank. You should have said Mistresses.

Merid. I meant as much.

Serin. For your Mirths sake you shall lead the Dance, Sir.

Merid. I acknowledg it a favour Madam.

Now Ladies you have not found
Me old.

[They dance.

Serin. You have youth in abundance still.

Eng. Wer't not for a blush I would say something a little More kind.

Frank. Ladies we are yours.

Merid. And if you have such another merry subject as } *Enter a man*
My self under your republick blame me for't! } *with Stools*
 } *and Table.*

Serin. Since you allow me the honour of [Ex. *Frank Merid.*
Being your president, my place is here.

Omn. With all acknowledgment.

Serin. And what shall be our future Government?

Eng. Say, we elect a Monarches amongst our selves.

Crisp. I dissent by your favour Madam, because not so natural
In our Sex to endure a superior. (us

Petil. Right Madam, and the very reason, that induces not a few of
To be out of love with Matrimony, which doth rather establish
The Tyranny of men, than the Law of nature.

Serin. Well said, smart one.

Eng. And has made her Husband sensible accordingly. — (*Aside.*

Crip. Is there not a government to be thought on, that admits nei-
Equal nor Superior, because it is most natural for (ther
Us Women to endure neither.

Serin. That's Impossible.

1. *Lad.* I find my inclinations to Anarchy.

2. *Lad.* And why, Madam?

1. *Lad.* Because most suitable to change.

Crisp. A reason womanish enough.

Serin. But that's no Government — My vote is rather
For a Common-wealth, not only as it has been here before
In Men, but as it brings us to a nearer equality.

Eng. But how shall we agree on wit, servants, and especially
Beauty, since the most capital Emulation amongst women
is like that of the Goddesses, who shall be thought fairest.

Serin. That we must take upon our servants word, or trust our
Glasses for — but what say you to a Common-wealth?

Crisp. I'll follow my President. *Eng.* And I. *Omn.* And all.

Serin. Then from this hour begins our fair Republick.

*Enter Messenger.**Mess.* Some of the City desire admittance.*Serin.* They have it. [Enter 4 of 5 Citizens.]
Your business Citizens?*1. Cit.* 'Tis in the name of this City and Countrey, to present your Fair, and Gracious Republick, with all these representations Of power that belong'd to us as men.*Crisp.* A discreet Citizen! [They deliver a Mace, Sword and Charter.]
Petil. And speaks home to our purpose.*Serin.* But for your Charter, wee'l Grace your City so far as to Grant a new one to your Wives.*1. Cit.* Nay Ladies entitle not our wives supream, tho' you Command us.*2. Cit.* Let us continue our Prerogatives over them we beseech you.*Omn.* How, how, how, the command of your Wives?*Petil.* A very Treason, President, that would except their Wives the most trusty and sure confidents of our Government.*Omn.* Away, Away!*1. Lad.* You brow-Antler-men.*2. Lad.* Things of more forehead than brain.*Petil.* Speak against our Prerogative, you wagtails, to Little purpose!*Serin.* Nay Ladies, you must be more moderate.*Petil.* You must excuse us in this case.*Crisp.* In which consists so essentially our supremacy.*Omn. Cit.* Good Ladies hear your President. (tion.)*Eng.* For my share I'd be content with a reasonable accommodation. But were you a wife!*Eng.* I know not how my mind might alter then.*Serin.* What we may determine in this case, ought to be With due respect and caution — and for your Wives, they May continue yours.*2. Cit.* We thank your Grace.*3. Cit.* A Comfortable Expression!*Crisp.* We do not mean absolutely, so long as you please, But whilst they please, and you deserve their respects.*Petil.*

Petil. And are obedient Husbands, mark that Citizens.

Omn. Lad. There we comply.

1. *Cit.* Let me have power on mine, until she's old, I'll
Desire her no longer, as I am a true Citizen of *Eutopia*.

2. *Cit.* And so of mine, whilst she is good condition'd, or honest,
I ask no more.

3. *Cit.* I was marry'd but yesterday, and if you do not mitigate
This decree, 'tis odds but she may long for change already,
And part with me before I have had so much as the better
Of her Virginity.

Serin. That were severe indeed.

Petil. Better an inconvenience, than a general mischief.

4. *Cit.* My spouse is old, and to save her a labour, I am
Content to depart from her first, if your Republick
Shall think fit to allow it.

Serin. I suppose you would.

Eng. But that were against charity.

Crisp. And the humanity we allow.

Eng. Right, Madam: When the flower is gone, there is no reason
To cast away the root.

Petil. I rather conceive we ought to judg them old, when we
Find occasion, and not they presume to censure us for being so.

Serin. Betwixt both Sexes some mean were necessary,
For which you shall be referr'd to our Courts, where every
Particular Case shall have due respect, and justice.

1. *Lad.* But for Alimony, in case of separation?

2. *Lad.* I suppose when that's in question the men must sue
Us.

Serin. As you are Superior they must, but not be vex'd
With delays by way of retaliation, as some of our
Sex may pretend to have been: all cases shall have a
Just and soon dispatch — you agree Ladies?

Omn. All with our President.

Serin. So much is for your comfort, Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Since we must be overwiv'd, and top'd every way,
We cannot but acknowledg it.

Omn. Cit. And so we humbly take our leaves. — [Ex. Citizens.]

Serin. Having thus resolv'd of our government, 'twill be
Requisite to consider how we shall maintain it
In relation to Peace and War.

Crisp. A necessary consideration : and no less the concern
Of our ambitions and honour.

Eng. And must we likewise in imitation of the warlike
Amazons lead our Sex to battel ?

Serin. If cause require, we must.

Crisp. I hope there's none of us but dare.

1. *Lad.* Or we'll be more masculine than ever were those martial
Females, and lead the men, who shall serve as souldiers
Under us commanders.

2. *Lad.* I long to be a Captain.

Petil. I suppose I have shew'd you the way how to have the
Better of men at home, in beginning with my Husband ;
Wherefore I expect no inconsiderable command otherwise.

Serin. But I hope, you'l not be oblig'd to fight ; I should
Be sorry to be your leader on such an account.

Eng. And I to be a follower, though I should as unwillingly
Turn tail as any she amongst us.

Serin. Within wee'l more at large debate of this and other
Our concerns.

*And by our Rule let us instruct men so,
That they may yield our vertues greatest too.*

[*Ex. Omnes.*

The Third Act.

Enter Frankman and Featlin.

F*Rank.* Not acknowledg'd by your Father yet ?

Featl. Nor ever like, if heaven be not more my friend than he.

Frank. Who does teach repentance, he ne're means to practise :
The common road of all Hypocrisy.

Featl.

Featl. I blush for his sake.

Frank. And so do I; To see him declaim against vice, yet Privately affect it, as if there were no way to reform Prodigality, without being in love with Covetousness

Featl. Thence comes my injury and grief, for tho' his Nature be Severe, and not so good as I would wish my Father: his Covetousness does far exceed it.

Frank. A vice as universal as love, *Featlin* — But this is such A hideous Crime, I know not what to call it in him.

Feat. My Mother dying in my Infant years, as I was her only Most unfortunate Son, He as an Example of covetousness And Cruelty in Fathers, dispos'd of me for a small summe (tho' Very young) to be brought up; and since permits me not into His sight.

Frank. And for no cause.

Featl. Not as I ever knew, or can judge any, except he has Inclination to marry, and have other issue, or else give his Estate for his future Glory to erect an Hospital, or such Like act to preserve his Memory.

Frank. He is not so charitable, and use thee thus! A parish does not 'Prentice out a Beggars child a cheaper way, or a Gentleman his by-blow, lest he should blush in the Future to owne his issue — Dost thou not know him now?

Feat. I did not until lately shew'd him, nor will he know me If he might, by any application I can gather.

Frank. What kindness has providence vouchsaf'd thee For thy subsistence hitherto?

Featl. Some Jewels, which my Mother dying committed to a hand Of trust, have been the means I do appear so like my Self; My manners I have travel'd to improve; visited Camps, and Courts abroad, as the most generous Schools Of youth — But what will be my future destiny?

Frank. Trouble not thy self with Fate, as 'tis hidden from us, So let it take care of it self and us too, for *Frankman*. Be merry, and think my Sword, purse, and best wit shall Be at thy service.

Featl. Your expressions are too great and many apply'd to Me so much a stranger to you.

Frank. I do believe it just; that's obligation to a Gentleman. Besides the Government is now the womens.

Featl.

Featl. I understand it, Sir.

Frank. Thou hast a smooth face, and the Common-wealth has Many soft, and fair members to be laid hold on.

Featl. Some Ladies I have visited, and perhaps have my Concerns of love besides; so farre I'll be Ingenious with you.

Frank. And much joy may it do thy heart? For my part, I had as leave see a Castril Sport With the Wine, as a man generous and youthful, That has nothing to do with *Venus*.——

Enter Meredith.

Sir *Adam Meredith*! ——

Here's a Gentleman that will deserve your acquaintance.

Merid. And is he Airy, Jocund, and gay, as his age declares him?

Frank. Doubt it not Sir, tho' at present he suffers by some concern, You shall know more at leisure.

Merid. Why then, I embrace thee brother youth as a Socio of My Mirth; thy father cannot with thee better.

Featl. Would he did but as well — A humour I have not Observ'd at his years.

Merid. What are years to me? Tho' time has snow'd on my head, I have a Summer in my heart, and am firm at the Center still, Ladd.

Featl. May it continue Sir!

Frank. There's little doubt of that; 'thas been long his humour, & Rather improves of late.

*Enter Peacock looking on himself and pruning
of his Feathers.*

Frank. O! here's Peacock come again. ——

Merid. One of the newest humours extant amongst us.

Featl. I believe it.

Frank. If you knew all you'd say more —— He's in love with Himself.

Featl. That's no great novelty, since the greatest part of mankind Have

Have kindness enough for themselves.

Frank. But he comes nearer *Narcissus*.

Merid. Or rather exceeds him.

Frank. And as you see, admires his looks, his proportions, and when He has done, makes love to himself all over.

Featl. And to his Feathers too, methinks. —

Frank. I'll tell you what he has endeavour'd besides; make good What I say, *Peacock*!

Peac. as far as these Feathers can fly I am at your service

Mr. Frankman.

Frank. Thou Bird of Manhood, I thank thee — And thou hast Been with the Artist I told thee off —

Peac. I have Sir. —

Frank. And has he perform'd?

Peac. To my utmost desire Sir; and like a most skilful Chymist Has extracted the same man as I am -- out of me. (out

Frank. Look you there Gentlemen, he has been made twice with- Being well begotten once — I told you there was more Miracle behind. —

Peac. By which means I am now in love with my self, twice Over, (that is to say) I am doubly the same.

Frank. As two individual things may be in one, that's his Meaning! —

Featl. This is novelty indeed.

Merid. Our Countrey is famous for nothing so much, and I hope I (am Some part on't my self, I should be angry with my age other- wife --- and how was this effected?

Peac. Why Sir, by only bidding me blow pretty hard into a Cruciter, I think he calls it.

Frank. A Crucible — thou Coxcomb! —

Merid. And what next?

Peac. Why Sir, I infus'd so much of my self into it, that meeting With fire and Air, artificially working together, perfected At last such another gross substance as I am.

Featl. This is a perfect Chymist I warrant him.

Frank. A Quack that I advis'd him to, for a little diversion, And punishment of his folly together.

Peac. And more for your comforts Gentlemen, he'll make you all as Many times over, if you please. Alas! he can make men As fast as they do Puppits; but that he is not willing

To encrease the price of Bread-Corn, he has told me his Mind so far.

Frank. And what was his price? I suppose he us'd you well.

Peac. I assure you Sir, This second production of my self stands Me but in twenty nobles betwixt friends.

Frank. I knew hee'd use you kindly.

Merid. By this good light, a man cannot get a child by the By, so cheap, let him use the best husbandry he Can.

Frank. And when shall we see this other self of yours?

Peac. Why Sir, so satisfy your curiosity, I will appear In my double person immediately. —

Merid. By any means Sir, methinks I long like a Maid in love, till I behold this prodigy.

Peac. Why Sir, I was but hard by a putting on another Habit, the Artist desiring that he or I in him Might continue a space with him while I was Talking with you here.

Merid. And be sure bring this great Master of Art with you, I would not lose the curiosity of seeing him.

Peac. I shall Sir, on your secrecy.

Merid. Fear nothing.

Frank. Nays, prethee dispatch.

Peac. I shall Gentlemen, and if any of you have a mind to Be made once more as I am, you may have it done.

Featl. A most new and excellent example
Of self-love. } *Ex. Peac. admiring
himself often.*

Merid. A sign the world and time renews again — has not his Character been upon the Stage yet?

Frank. I believe not; Tho' the age has been so ranack'd for humour, That men are in some fear to converse freely, lest they be Heard again in the next new Play.

Featl. That's some good fortune for him. I'll assure you. But see -- here comes the man-maker.

[Enter Orlando Curioso.]

Merid. Your name Sir?

Orlan. I am called *Orlando Curioso*.

Featl. A very Emphatical name.

Orlan. 'Twas bestow'd on me in *Spain*; I assure you Sir, as no Small honour to my Art.

Frank. Nays, prethee let his Denomination alone, I'd as soon study Arabick.

Arabick or learn his Art (that signifies little more than Hard Words) as hear it twice. (works)

Merid. O Sir, I remember you now, and have read your cures and Set up like Trophies on posts and pillars of our City; Where amongst other things you undertook to reduce Age to Youth, and turn hair silver'd over like mine By time, to a brown colour, and soft as Gostimores—— Is't not so?

Orlan. And am ready to undertake it if you'll prove my Experiments.

Merid. You shall excuse me Sir, I am young enough without it, I thank this heart of mine.

Orlan. I do such like feats, with some negligence Of my Art, and deeper Science, as the restoring of men And women to their first vigor, producing of hair As long as Perriwigs, tho' they have shed from the Skull by siccation, and baldness, or other defects above Or below. If I look in a mouth, I know what tooth Will decay, and the minute when, preventing it accordingly.

Frank. And what more? I know you are but on the outside Of your Art yet.

Orlan. If a Lady be curious & would know her fortune by her hand, I spare her the labour and tell it by her eye.

Merid. A pleasant Symptom.

Featl. And most possible of all the particulars he has nam'd yet.

Orlan. Or if she have a mind to dream pleasantly, she shall do It, as well at 50, as at 21. and so to fourscore or upwards. If a man or woman wear but a ring that has a small Tincture of my Art, they shall fall in love without being Beholding to Hymen.

Frank. Why, so they do already, Buzzard.

Orlan. Besides I have my several Spirits of Sulphur, Mercury And Salt.

Frank. The last of which will powder Beef, will it not?

Orlan. I have printed it's use (amongst others) to that purpose. And for my Sulphur and Mercury, it does wonders As some Gallants can witness.

Featl. Cures the Itch, does it not?

Orlan. And what is got by the worst of Itches too,——then for My Spirit of Salt of the world.

Merid. A soul of Sake we shall hear of.
Frank. And not enough for the Earth to produce
Orlan. Nor the Sea neither; together with my *Ellixir proprietatis*,
Et procreations.
Frank. That's a new word, the other I have known sold before.
Merid. But ne'er worth my buying.
Frank. No more of hard words.
Orlan. To conclude then, with the two last mysteries of my skill;
 I do all that can be desir'd by men and women.
Feast. That they shall not decay or dye.

*Enter Peacock and Euphorbus drest like him,
 hugging one another.*

Orlan. The first I can say much to, & for the latter I may undertake
 It in time — there is a *Paracelsian Recipe* for that, call'd
Ens natura, as likewise how to make men (as you'll witness
 I perform) tho' not effectually practis'd by any man,
 Besides my self to this day.

Merid. And can you make a wise man out of a fool as easily, since
 The World does beget fools enough, without help of your
 Art.

Orlan. I do not say as easily, wherefore I do not care to effect many
 Artificial Examples of that kind, tho' nature (according to
 The learned) gives but one soul to all things in the most differing
 Bodies. If I am to deal with a wiseman, (as our art of
 Chymistry has been beholding to some so far as
 To honour it by the ruine of their estates) I deal one
 Way with him, if with a fool another; let this worthy
 Gentleman be my testimony.

Frank. A pertinent one.
 And have you performed this wonderful propagation of him
 In so short a time?

Orlan. I am as well prepar'd in an hour as in seven years.

Merid. I believe so.

Orlan. Not any wait, as is usual (with
 Other Artists) on the most superlative operation I
 Undertake to produce.

Peac. I will justify thy Art Schollar, as I am doubly a man of

Thy.

Thy making. Observe here, Gentlemen——

Featl. How they kiss like Twins of two years old.

Merid. But he thinks he kisses himself all the while, that's
The jest on't——and how many men have you made in
This manner before. (kind)

Orlan. Not many Sir, or desire it, because not so gracious to Man-
Who are willing to continue their natural way of Generation;
Tho' I have had application made to me to that purpose
From an Island newly inhabited in the Atlantick-Ocean, where
They are necessitated (for want of people) to engender with
Baboons, Drils, and Monkeys.

Featl. You are famous abroad as well as at home then?——

Orlan. As you see Gentlemen! Where I gain confidence and fit
Instruments, my endeavours are not wanting.

Frank. I suppose so. (Diamonds;

Orlan. 'Tis not every Tree produces Cherries, nor every Quarry
There must be a propensity in nature to assist Art.

Frank. And these your examples?

Peac. O my dear self, my dear self! How shall I love
Thee enough, my dear self?

Featl. A pretty kind of love.

Peac. And this Eye, this Lip, this Cheek of mine, which no longing
Maid living shall rob me of.

Frank. She were but ill sped if she did: but methinks the other
Speaks not.

Eupho. Ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, &c.

Orlan. But offers at it.

Eupho. Ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, &c.

Frank. His name?

Orlan. He is call'd *Euphorbus*, in honour of *Pythagoras's* own
Transmigration.

Merid. And is he to be always dumb?

Featl. A still-born perhaps.

Eupho. Da, da, da, da, pa, pa, pa, pa, &c. (ally do;

Orlan. He gargles words pretty towardly already; as children usu-
In time Sir, he may speak too, tho' in order of Nature, speech
Comes not so soon as life.

Peac. I care not much if it talk always for him; and if any body has
Any thing to say to him, they shall be answer'd by me in him.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha---one tongue serve two men-

Frank. Would it might serve two women too, the world would Not be so busy as it is.

Orlan. Gentlemen, your excuse: my works require me.

Frank. But hark you Sir, remember you do not practise to make More men; for this time I'll excuse you for Mirth's sake. [*Aside.*

Orlan. I understand you Sir. ---

[*Ex. Orlan.*

Enter Foppering making of legs and looking upwards.

Featl. Who have we here?

Frank. One that will tell you he believes as much.

Featl. But not in love with himself too? is he?

Frank. No, but what is worse, dotes on his own lying, nay Sometimes will tell his tales so long untill he be in love With them as much as if they were truths — after the manner Of some Poets, who dote on their fictions, tho' they abuse Credibility and truth together ——— *Meridith* has heard him as Well as I.

Merid. With Admiration!

{ *Fopp. goes up and down*

Featl. But why does he continue *Looking upwards.* —

Looking upwards thus?

Merid. O he seems to be in love with the Moon.

Frank. Ever since his Wife beat him with a slipper he pretended to Have found of *Cynthia's* own wearing. — But you Shall soon inform your self — *Mr. Foppering?*

Fopp. Cry your mercy Sir, I was very busy. —

Frank. And have you found the other slipper of the Moon's yet?

Fopp. I shall have that or a greater favour from her.

Merid. Are you sure on't?

Fopp. Tho' I have talk'd, or can talk as largely as you, or any Man, I'd have you to know I am serious now.

Merid. Very good Sir, proceed.

Fopp. And so I will, as sure as she put her hand out of yonder Cloud to me but just now.

Featl. This is a Novelty fit to embrace with these.

Merid. How they continue kissing still!

Frank. And shall break their Bellies if they can with it Before I part them.

{ *Peacock &
Deuphor-
bus embrace.*

Fopp.

Fopp. If *Cynthia* be but a virgin / I say no more——

Frank. You'll have her virginity then you mean.!

Fopp. Marry will I Sir, there shall be no other man in the Moon
Besides my self, whatsoever the Poets my masters report
Of *Pan*, *Endymion*, or any shepherd of *Arcadia*; and I
Suppose a Gentleman may be allow'd as much priviledge by
Her Lady-ship in point of fiction, or otherwise.

Merid. This is rarely pleasant.

Frank. And the more, because his humour does rather heighten
Than decrease.

Peac. Mr. *Foppering*.

Merid. What joy here's towards: [All three embracing.

Fopp. Mr. *Peacock*.——

Peac. And somewhat more yours; tho' the same yours still.

Fopp. As how Sir?

Peac. Why; I am doubly made.

Fopp. By whom?

Peac. By a *Virtuoso*, an Artist, a *Paracelsian*, who has produc'd
This man out of me.

Fopp. And I'll embrace your twofold self then —— nay more
I'll report it for a truth, and swear it when I have done.
I have wanted such a story a great while —— tho' I thank [Aside.
Heaven I have some fictions of my own.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha, — methinks I could laugh as many years
More than I have liv'd, to be thus surpriz'd with humour. [Aside.

Frank. To which I'll undertake to adde some mirth.

Euphor. Oh, oh! that kiss was a little too hard.

Featl. He begins to speak now.

Peac. You are mistaken Sir, 'twas I in him.

Frank. Nay, friends you have hugg'd sufficiently.

Peac. Can a man make too much of himself Sir? [dance?

Frank. I think he may / What say you, if it were vary'd with a

Peac. With all my heart Sir.

Fopp. And mine, I was just thinking of it.

Euph. Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta.

Featl. He could find in his heart to speak again.

Peac. Now for the dance Sir.

Frank. You'll perform that doubly too.

Peac. I'll assure you, I will; nay, I'll outdo the imitation
Of *Dotterille* in my double self---- if I move.

An Arm here -- I move there another-- [Euphor. *imitates him.*
 If a leg, my same leg answers me again in his:
 To which purpose you shall see me dance..

Fopp. Let me be a witness to this miracle I beseech you,
 Since I am not beholding to my invention for a greater.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha. There's no containing from laughter,
 Was there ever such an Antique as this? } *Euphorbus and Peacock*
Featl. I think not. } *dance.*

Frank. Well, Gentlemen, thanks for our Mirth.

Peac. You should have more, but that I have some desires
 To with-draw thus, and make much of my self.

Fopp. And I have occasions of some concern.

Frank. To know of one Almanack-maker or other when the
 Moon will rise: farewell, farewell. } *Ex. Peac. and Euphor. bug-*
 } *ging: and Fopp. gazing Ex.*

Enter Sir Grave Solymour and Celinda, in
discourse.

Featl. Who's this, my Father leading of *Celinda*—

Merid. Sir *Grave Solymour* handing of a fair Lady. Who could
 Have expected such an object amongst the rest?

Frank. And treads with such a demure Gravity as the *Spaniard*
 Does, when leading his woman to the next Couch, could I
 But prove him guilty of such a formal transgression.

Merid. Wee'l not interrupt them.

Frank. By no means --- but be sure *Featlin* thou fal'st on the rear
 Of him; I have something in the wind, I'd have thee smell out
 Further.

Featl. I conceive you Sir, though the sight be not so welcome. [Ex.
] *severally.*

Celin. All this exprest to me Sir?

Soly. Call it my Justice Lady ——— who am not led by
 Common appetite to admire alone the beauties of your
 Face, but with it joyn your other virtues.

Celin. For your complement I must thank you at least.

Soly. I can explain my conceptions better: I do not find that in this
 Giddy world of womens rule, you have fill'd a seat of
 Magistracy in scorn of us that govern'd, or given the busy
 Tongues of men occasion to discourse.

Celin.

Celin. I live, Sir, free and innocent, I hope.

[you

Soly. It speaks your modesty and sober prudence, which renders Fit to receive the addresses of my gravity, for which I'll so Far reconcile unto your sex, as to declare my self your Lover.

Celin. I will not say I hate you for't ; nor shall I much deny But that I live as you observe, enough reserv'd unto my Thoughts and privacy.

Soly. And therefore fitter that your bosome close so grave a Secret as my love ; I would not for my wealth, the vain And ruling women should report that in this hour of their Vanity, Sir *Grave Solymour* met with a Dart of *Cupid*, Or were toying with a Mistress, though the delights of *Venus* Have a charm upon the stout, and wisest hearts, as unresisted By the Arm'd Souldier, as the States-man's gravity.

Celin. A Gown-man that is willing to steal to a Petticoat--[*Aside.* Well Sir; I now conceive you fully.

Soly. Do, and enjoy me so.

Celin. But as you are pleas'd to allow me your respects, and the Attribute of being wise, so it behoves me to consider.

Soly. What, my fair Creature ?

Celin. How and when to love you ?

Soly. Do my sweet ; but let the time be short: Loves flames like Fire, devour themselves when too long smother'd.

Celin. Besides our female Magistracy have not as yet resolv'd Upon their Laws of love; I suppose they intend to Make some.

Soly. Let them for themselves, but not for us, and would no Less become my gravity to consult their approbation ; Wee'll be a Common-wealth unto our selves, all delights Shall flow on thee to be bought with Gold, (which I spare not to feed my secret pleasures;) my Jewels made Thy Ornaments and my self thy greater treasure——nay Look not on me as I am in years, or have a wrinkle on My brow.

Celin. That's no wonder Sir, The Fox is gray before he's good.

Soly. I can perform Lady, doubt it not.

Celin. By no means Sir——but what must I do to recompence This bounty ?

Soly. Love, and be secret.

Celin. That's in my power I confess—but were you us'd to
Exclaim so much against vanity, and have now such an Itchtowardsit.

Soly. The cautious man will act, but hide his crime, 'tis wise
Hypocrisy; which caus'd me often to blame mens levities
And vainer inclinations which express those Symptomes of the
Heart should be reserv'd: 'Tis scandal that makes sin, not
Sin the scandal.

(Sir, I

Celin. A most solid piece of Lechery [*Aside*]—I crave your pardon
Thought Sin had been something more than a word.

Soly. 'Tis so when scandalous and known, that even a God was
Censur'd (as wiser Poets tell) being taken in embrace:
Nature invites to secrecy, and all her operations acteth so,
Which does instruct the cautious Deer to guide his soft and
Amorous Hine unto some Covert to be there enjoy'd.

Celin. A cautious way of concupiscence [*Aside*].—well Sir, I perceive
You want no manhood, and I'll touch it to the quick.

Soly. With all my heart Lady.

Celin. Then soberly thus, were you ever married?

Soly. Some long time past.

Celin. And have you not a Son?

Soly. I think I had one.

Celin. And is he living?

Soly. I with him so—and that's some blessing: I never did affect
To dally with my Cradle, or the permitting of the expence
That youth requires, parents that love themselves know
How to be more provident; like to the Bird that early
Does discharge her young ones from her care, and nest that bred
Them—some small provision I have allow'd his education,
And leave the rest unto his wit and fortune.

Celin. A sober sort of ill nature—nor would you see him, perhaps.
Don't know him now.

Soly. Some Sixteen years have been elapsed since I beheld
Him young, and sooner would I keep my Coffin in my
Sight than him that hopes to be made happy by my death;
Or with an evil eye, behold the riches I possess, of which
He is not to partake; nay more, perhaps might envy or
Oppose my will and choice, or think my love and bounty is
Too great, although it purchase such an object as your self.

Celin. Perhaps he might.

Soly. Let these assure you!

[Offers her a Neck-Lace.
They

They are bright and Orient.

Celin. No Sir, you shall keep your stones for some other time or Service! tho' I know well a present is one of the first, and most Considerable Expressions 'twixt servant and Mistress—you are not In haste I know.

Soly. No more, than what is proper for our loves, and hope you'll Soon deserve this, or a richer favour.

Celin. When I do, I shall expect it.

Soly. I like this answer well--and I'll be no less sparing of my Cost When I have enjoy'd her--a feat our Gallants practise [Aside.
Often ——— But Lady, loves time is not so slow as that We tell, and all his Counsels like his acts should be swift And pleasant; too long a frost's unpleasant to the spring.

Celin. The day is not far spent, altho' the first that dates Our body politick ——— some business does require me, Within an hour; you'll know more of my compliance.

Soly. Till when farewell: and remember 'tis loves prudence to Be secret.

Celin. Doubt it not Sir.
Well politician, if I do not fit your hot desires
For this, may I lose my virginity to a Constable.

[Ex. Solymour:

Enter Featlin.

Mr. Featlin! you are come according to my wish, I Have such news to tell you. ———

Feat. As how prethee?

Celin. Why, I have such an interest in your father to do you Service, thou could'st not have wish'd the like.

Feat. Perhaps I should not ———

(wanted

Celin. Thou would'st, since 'twill assure his favour, and what is More by the considerable part of his estate.

Feat. It must be a strange Artifice can have the better of his Severity and covetousness.

Celin. Leave it to me, I'll make him plyant as the Glove I wear, Be assur'd on't, as I wish thee well. ———

Feat. I hope thou dost ——— But by what means?

Celin. By a common and easy Method, why man he loves me Abominably.

Featl. Is that a way to cure my sufferings? which must give a greater Wound, my fathers love to rival mine; all my afflictions. Summon'd could not have equall'd this.

Celin. Be not suspicious but expect the end, 'tis that compleats An action.

Featl. I fear too soon.

*Enter Serina, Eugenia, Crispina, Petilla, with
two other Ladies.*

Celin. But see, we are interrupted; I must apply my Self to our female Politicians.

Featl. Celinda! -- false unto my Love -- 'twere strange, [*Aside.* But Riches are too oft Precedent when they Rival want, — Or perhaps some Stratagem only of her wit, and so would Hold my thoughts suspended — I know not what to judge.

Serin. Madam, we expected your assistance [*Ex. Featlin.* In our Councils.

Celin. Some affairs requir'd my absence which I hope you'll Pardon, nor do I want desires to serve the interest of Our fair Re-publick.

Serin. We doubt it not — but now we are on a point Deserves it most, I mean of Love.

Celin. A most necessary consideration.

Crisp. In order to which, I think fit it should be enacted that No man presume to make love first, except he be Commission'd by our Re-publick for that purpose.

Petil. A just motion, and becomes our superiority.

Eug. But where's our Modesty, if we begin to woo?

Petil. That's to be no Clause in our Act.

1. Lad. Nor need it be our concern — there are some of us Can be as bold and ne'er blush for't.

Crisp. Besides there is some state in restraining the bold Presumptions of men, in making their addresses To us with their caps, and knees, and frivolous Services; that we are sometimes not a little vex'd with Their importunities, and our habitations as much troubl'd: With these Spirits of love, as Women of pleasure are, That have too frequent visits from our Town Hectors.

Serin.

Serin. There is some weight in this consideration.

Celin. And will save fools the labour of making love.

Petil. Would I had prevented the *Fopp* my Husband
That way too — but as the case stands, I do well
Enough.

1. *Lad.* I am for't — 2. *Lad.* — And so am I.

Eng. And I indifferent.

Celin. And so in hats, and feathers, a woeing shall we?

1. *Lad.* And boots and spurs too, if occasion requires;
I'll have some in readiness on purpose.

2. *Lad.* And so have I.

Serin. But Ladies a little moderate this decree, and as men
Have had the superiority in love, and marriage; let
Them be the first Movers still, and you the last.

Omn. No, no, wee'l begin and end too.

Celin. A Common-wealth of love towards indeed.

Serin. But if this violence continue I shall be soon
Weary of my office.

Petil. Then for another consideration, of which we Wives are
Not a little sensible — which is, the Abilities of men.

Serin. How mean you, Madam?

Petil. I mean internal, and external, I have some reason
To move for both.

Celin. As likewise a Consideration of the old, and fusty pieces
Of antiquity, who have such reliques of their sinful
Youth, as they will offer at love in spite of nature.

Petil. Out upon 'em, let's banish them our Common-wealth.

Eng. That were too extreme as the other's immodest.

Petil. By your favour no more, than if I bargain for a pair
Of Gloves, I look whether they are handsome and well
Made; or on a horse, and consider whether he be sound
Of wind and limb: besides, Innumerable objections
Which are not convenient, or decent to be made, but as
We give private Judgment.

1. *Lad.* Besides that, it is a just retaliation of the
Intrigue which men are bold to hold with our
Waiting-women and Chamber-Maids, to discover
If possible, our least imperfections.

2. *Lad.* As whether we have sweet Breaths, good teeth, and the
Hair that we wear our own, or in what part.

Wanted, nay will question our very complexions too,
That we cannot use a small *Fucus* without their discourse
And Censure, and so have a Jury of their wits sit upon
Every feature about us.

Petil. Perhaps Lampoon us and our Husbands when they have
Done.

Crisp. In so much as we cannot receive Court-ships, keep our
Decorums, formalities, and state, as we should do.

Petil. Or be suffer'd to grow old in quiet for them.

Eng. That's a hard case believe me.

Petil. A most insupportable one.

Serin. Ladies, this is too womanish, and violent--let me moderate.

Petil. I could find in my heart not to hear reason in their
Behalf.

1. *Lad.* Nor I, except I like it, or such as may be superseded
By our wills, when we find occasion.

2. *Lad.* Spoke like a Common-wealths woman.

Crisp. Nay we must hear our Precedent.

Eng. By any means.

Serin. Then mark what I propose — say, we appoint women
Commissioners, who shall satisfy your desires with
Prudence and modesty.

Petil. That word Modesty may be prejudicial.

Serin. I mean such as shall pass due Censure on the humours,
Inclinations and other qualifications of men; giving us
Information accordingly.

Crisp. This sounds discreet.

Eng. And of Latitude enough.

Petil. I was never against it.

Omn. Nor I, nor I, nor I.

Serin. And so give us a list of those who are fit to make love,
Marry, or continue still *Platonicks*.

Crisp. For *Platonicks*; my vote is to strike them out of
The Particular, as Drones that would have the Honey
Of Courtship and do nothing for it.

Omn. By any means.

Serin. They shall be excepted then — and for the rest wee'l
Have our inquiries that shall be sufficient.

1. *Lad.* Let it be effectually, and speedy.

Serin. It shall be done to day, though the first of our

Government.
Omni. To day, to day, to day:
Serin. And the last of my being your Precedent, Ladies,
 If this mood hold. [Ex. Omnes.]

The Fourth Act.

*The Scene opens with two Pillars with decrees
 on them on both sides the Stage.*

Enter Sir Adam Meridith and Frankman.

Merid. **W**ELL, *Frankman*, here are pretty decrees legible: I
 Believe we have yet a more jocund world towards--
 [Observes the pillars.]

Frank. Let it come and welcome; but methinks this clause sticks
 In a tender place of me, *Meridith*: not to make love
 Without a dispensation; or except such as are pleas'd to be our Mrs.
 First, I did not expect such limitations from this fair (give the onset
 Re-publick.

Merid. Better, and better, by my love and manhood, to see them
 Bestow their addressles first, and Cry, Your humble Lady ready
 To serve you, how well you look to day, would I might
 Be so happy to be preserv'd in your thoughts, and the like
 Dallyings we use to them, which will be such a pleasant
 Inversion of our amours, there's nothing can parallel it. —

Frank. Nay, I believe 'twould puzzle a better Poet than ever writ
 Of the Art of loving: for my part, if we 'scape a Jury of
 Women with Spectacles commission'd to make a survey of
 Us naked, 'Tis more than I look for.

Merid. Let the *Bona Roba*'s do what they please, I am without and
 Within the same.

Frank.

Frank. There's no superiority to be expected but lying uppermost,
And that I suppose they will allow us.

Enter Polidor.

Mer. Who have we here?

Frank. The noble *Polidor*—but the world's alter'd since he left
Us a Common-wealth of men.

Merid. Most noble Sir! your arrival's welcome here.

Frank. Exceeding welcome!

Polid. I thank you kindly — and since I parted from this
Country on the publick service, I find our State
Has suffer'd no small Metamorphosis in changing of
Our Sex that govern'd.

Frank. They claim'd it as their right.

Polid. I think they might, although we have but few
Records can shew the practise, which tells us that
The women of this age have more confidence than their
Sex had formerly.

Merid. For my part Sir, I could not find in my heart to
Contest against the government of Ladies. —

Frank. Besides here was such a Caterwauling with the whole sex,
And their Talons of power so egregiously manifested
On some visages of our over-wiv'd Citizens, till they yielded
Their Necks to their Yoak, that there was no withstanding. —

Polid. I cannot blame them to submit, if the assault was so
Fierce.

Frank. Many of us could not chuse but smile, and let it pass.

Merid. And I amongst the rest; tho' the experience I have had
In the world might prompt me otherwise, the youth I
Find about me did forbid it.

Polid. You preserve your frank humour still, Sir?

Merid. Rather encrease it — I should be loth that in the last
Scene of my life whensoever it comes, my spirits should
Fall.

Polid. And who are the most remarkable Politicians? (cities.

Frank. Why, every mans Wife and Daughter in their several capa-

Polid. Their Husbands cannot chuse but fare wel then.

Frank. I suppose they have not beheaded any of them yet,

Though

Though they make bold to cut off their intails. It may be
They will draw up new Indentures with others shortly if
Cause require.

Polid. A strange revolution of things.

Merid. To which purpose I expect love should be made to
My self by some of them.

Polid. Are they to begin then?

Frank. 'Tis a Decree fix'd here, and in most Streets; at one
Of which places I observ'd a woman pictur'd in a hat
And Feather, Booted, and Spurr'd, ready to take her wooing
Progress.

Merid. And was it not pleasant?

Polid. As a Novelty I confess, and 'tis odds but some of them
Will put on Arms, and make War shortly.

Merid. Were not our men too kind to give them the trouble.

Polid. Or for want of enemies fight with one another.

Frank. Such as take upon them to be the chief Patronesses of
Their Re-publick are the Ladies, *Serina*, *Crispina*, *Eugenia*.

Polid. *Serina* too! I thought she had been without this ambition.

Frank. Some did expect as much, but Power has no few Idolaters
of that Sex amongst their other superstitions.

Polid. How does she carry it?

Frank. With moderation becoming a Lady of her Birth, and in
All extreams as much as in her lies tempers the rest. In
So much that were this monstrous Democracy of ours
Transform'd into Monarchy, she might deserve to be
A partaker in the Throne.

Polid. It speaks her worth.

Enter Serina and Celinda.

Here Comes *Serina*.

Frank. And with her *Celinda*, an ingenious Lady.

Polid. In some discourse, wee'll wait their leisure— [Whisper.

Serin. Is't possible he should attempt your vertue?

Celin. With as much zeal as if I had spread my Art for him.

Serin. And yet would have the world believe otherwise,
Which gain'd him such an exemplary repute
Of a sober Magistrate with the vulgar.

H

Celin.

Celin. But Madam, there are many Maxims of Hypocrisy With such Politicians as are, or would be in power, While Covetousness or some few Grains of amorous Concupiscence betrays their frailty: Let the world be govern'd By Common-wealths, or Princes, 'tis odds that one or both Of these vices will have some Predominance.

Serin. I hope 'twill not be so, whilst Women rule; besides this Action of Sir *Grave Solymour* offends the law we have Establish'd, which says, that men should not begin their Courtships to us.

Celin. And especially when they offer them the wrong way; could I devise some just punishment for him, I hope the Act Would be excus'd by our Re-publick.

Serin. It shall have my vote at least — if not to enlarge It, if Cause shall require.

Celin. That does my business.

Serin. I perceive that *Polidor's* return'd.

Celin. But this day — By your leave Madam. — [*Ex. Celinda.*]

Polid. Serina, I was just wishing an opportunity to wait On you, which you now prevent.

Serin. I am little more reserv'd than when I saw you last.

Polid. But power in women, as well as love, will have its Distance.

Serin. I never acted yet the Tyrants part, nor shall begin With you.

Polid. I know you are Gracious.

Serin. Such thoughts can only elevate the mean of Man-kind That forget themselves and duties when rais'd to greatness; I do not curle a lock the more because our Sex does Govern — And so farewell Sir. —

Merid. Short and sweet.

[*Offers to go out:*]

[*To Frankman.*]

Frank. But I hope 'twill not end so.

Polid. Nay Madam! you must not part thus — you'll Remember I am *Polidor*.

Serin. And that's as much as I think fit to do at this time, If you offer more, you know our Law —

[*Offers to go again:*]

Polid. By your fair self.

[*He stays her.*]

Serin. Take heed Sir how you swear, we have lately made a Law Against Lovers Oaths, and Perjuries — but to assure you I Forgive you —

Polid. May I have your hand for't.

Serin. Yes, and lead me by it--but if you offer at love-- [*Ex. Serin.*
[*and Polid.*

Frank. I hope she'll save him the labour and begin,
According to our new mode of wooing.

Merid. If she does not do as much as that comes to,
She's not such flesh and blood, I take her for.

Frank. Her Extraction's eminent, and his (if well examin'd)
From our antient Stock of Princes, and should they
But mix souls kindly, what a change might this
Various state of ours receive?

Merid. As I wish men and women well, it should have
My consent. [*Enter Peacock in haste.*

Peac. By your favours Gentlemen!

Merid. Oh, Mr. Peacock, is it you? and where's your other
Self Euphorbus?

Frank. Perhaps he has made his transmigration into
Some other body already.

Peac. I left him Sir behind (that's I in him) to deliver a
Message, I thought fit to express my self.

Frank. Such a Consubstantian as this would exceed all Pythagor-
ical wonder, and belief.

Peac. But to be serious.

Frank. And such a jest present as thy self.

Enter Euphorbus.

Merid. O here comes his other Manhood.

Peac. By your leave a little Gentlemen, I must
First make much of my absent self before I
Acquaint you with my business. [*Hugs him.*

Merid. Was there ever such a hugging as this?

Euph. O, O, O, — my Mouth, my Eye, my Ear will be kiss'd off.

Frank. And 'twere in his belly, I dare say he'd digest it.

Merid. Did you not hear his tongue wagge even now?

Peac. Who! I hear my self! I hope I do.

Frank. And so bitterly, that I believe there's Tears in's eyes yet.

Peac. I'd have you to know, I am no whining Lover, tho' this
Be my self Lover.

Merid. This had been a humour to have entertain'd *Democritus*.

Frank. Or rather that other Philosopher that wept for the folly of
But Sir — to your desire, we are in haste. (men.)

Peac. And mine is a nimble question — I desire to be resolv'd
Whether in this womanish state of ours (as I would be
Some Novelty amongst the rest) you hold it requisite that
We who are two in one should make love together
Likewise.

Frank. A very pertinent question!

Merid. And would put the most serious Ladies of our Countrey
To a smile to answer.

Frank. In my judgment your best way will be to make
Your applications to that Sex, who can better resolve you:
Though I believe if you can make your double unity
Good, you may not be unwelcome to some.

Peac. Suppose then you were the Lady, I would kiss
My hand thus -- and so in him. — [Both kiss.
Then sir, when I presume to the Cheek, as I do
To yours. [Offers to kiss Frankman.

Frank. Hold, hold I prethee.

Peac. And for this old Youths likewise, — I would do thus!

Merid. And shalt for that word, and welcome too, if there were
Ten of thee more. [Meridith lets him kiss him.

Frank. Away, away, that I may wipe my mouth.
In quiet.

Peac. And if I meet with an Amour I will kiss her as I am
One, and for the rest I will perform it as I am two, that
Is to say twice in once. —

Ex. *Peac.* Euphor.

Merid. Well, *Frankman*, thou hast been a little guilty
With this Mountebanck *Virtuoso* of this extravagancy.

Frank. I confess it, being willing to inflict some punishment
On his folly, it being a Sin that is ever best corrected
By it self.

Enter *Solymour* in haste.

Merid. See here comes Sir *Grave Solymour*. -- with his Codd
Head in querpo — one that I abominate as my
Antipathy in Age, or a Satyr against mirth.

Frank.

Frank. I conceive you — and tho' he seems in haste
shall we stay him, and tease him a little?

Merid. Till he fret himself to death, for *Meridith*.

Frank. You shall give the first onset, *Sir Adam*.

Merid. Content, content. [*Merid. stays Solymour.*]

And whither in such haste good Grave Sir.

Soly. I suppose you have nothing to do to examine me..

Merid. Not your business if I could guess it. However I'll
Presume to tell you that I wonder you have not yet

Took up your stand under one of yonder pillars,

And there made your exclamations against vanity, where

I assure you Sir, are things worth your refusal.

Soly. I know it, I know it; but impose not on my thoughts
At this time!

Frank. There's not such a contrariety betwixt any of the Elements
As is in the dispositions of these two pieces of Antiquity,
And no less pleasant to observe. [*Aside.*]

Merid. By my troth Sir, but that you are a man of patience,
I might have expected you had come to have hang'd

Your self yonder. — [*Pointing to the Pillars.*]

Soly. Good Sir, leave me, I have urgent occasions.

Merid. I mean to give you Counsel for your good, Sir.

Soly. Me Counsel, Sir?

Merid. I say you, Sir, — and tell you plainly the dangers you may
Incur, if you do not immediately lay aside your stiff
Formality, set speeches against Sin; in order to your
Conformity with our female Government.

Soly. I will be chang'd into an *Hermaphrodite* rather,
And be slave to both Sexes at once — but I remember
I am in haste, Sir.

Merid. But take good speed along with you Sir, and as you
Are kind to your self, be gay, sportly; Hawk, Hunt,

Sing, Dance, and strive to cut Capers, as I can, and will

To instruct you — [*He Capers*] No *Frankman*

Do thou give him t'other heat — I know thy wit is ready
On all occasions.

Frank. To save your Lungs a labour, Sir, I'll do my best.

Soly. Another Comical Satyrist to fall on me?

Frank. You may make Mirth on't, if you please, Sir.

Soly. What do you mean by thus irritating me Mr. *Frankman*?

Or has any of the Predominant Ladies

Given you commission to abuse me:

Frank. So Grave a man as you are, restrain'd from the
Enjoyments of flesh and blood ———

I cannot blame you to be mov'd Sir, nay though

You curs'd a little, I think the Crime might be

Forgiven you.

Soly. Rather let us pray for them.

Frank. You mean as some Professors do, whose Satyrical
Devotion may pass for Execration and pray'r together.

Soly. Good Sir, no more.

Frank. In the mean time, give me leave to hint you a little.

Soly. Hint me to pray, Sir.

Frank. Only some general notions to be added to your Letany.

Soly. So you will cease this molestation of me, I am
Content that you Curse, nay Curse effectually all Woman
Kind.

Frank. Of this Common-wealth you mean?

Soly. Not one to be excepted ——— but such I design
To enjoy. ——— [Aside.

Frank. As for example, that to spight their future pleasure

There might be no procreation with their help:

But rather that posterity might be continu'd as easily

As Fly-blowings, or come together by chance like

Epicurus's Atoms ——— this had been an execration on

Their Re-publick indeed.

Soly. Enough, enough, Sir.

Frank. Or in stead thereof (if you think fit) that every member
Of it be debauch'd by the men they govern ——— have
I hit you there Sir?

Soly. As it is their desert I comply ——— Let that suffice at
Thistime, I beseech you.

Frank. You have done pretty well I confess.

Soly. I know it, nor shall it be mention'd to your prejudice
By me, and so farwell Grave Sir.

Merid. This Scene of vexation was pleasant.

Frank. I had ends in't: come, I'll tell thee more as we walk,
And next to acquaint *Feastin.* ——— [Ex. *Frank.* and *Merid.*

Soly. I can't but smile in spight of my temper
To think how this Satyrical compliance of

Mine against women, will render me unsuspected
 In my Amorous design — He that knows not
 How to dissemble, knows not how to live, was a
 Wise Apothegme of the Antients; and I'll adde, to
 Love with dexterity and free from the Scandal of
 Tongues: He that purchases a Mistres, buyes love at
 His own rate, but he that marries, rather sells him-
 self — *Celinda* must be just, and no less private
 In my reception; since beneficial Interest does
 Oblige it, the surest tye of love; which must yield
 Me a revengful pleasure in the enjoyment
 Of so fair a member of this Anti-common-wealth.
 But yet methinks I find some fears about me,
 Like a man that intends a theft within sight of
 The Gallows. —
 But here she is — Posts by
 Your leave.

*[Enter Celinda vail'd, but puts it
 up when she sees Sir Solymour.]*

Celin. Dispatch Sir, dispatch.

Soly. I was hasting to thee, but that I met with an
 Interruption, I could have curs'd by the way —
 And are we secure and quiet?

Celin. Without noise so much as the falling of a Mousetrap.

Soly. Excellent, fair one, I thank my stars and thee.

Celin. And I mine as much, for conspiring to do our loves
 Justice, I'll lead you the way.

Soly. To a part of thy bed I hope. *[Enter Featlin observing.]*

Celin. You are right Sir, but it shall receive
 You by day to avoid suspicion.

Soly. A safe device — Come, thou shalt be my downe there,
 I need no other softness — my Imagination's on
 Fire till I enjoy thee. — *[Ex. Soly. and Celin.]*

Featl. It must be she; I know it by her voice -- and in
 My Fathers hand, in whose address to her consists
 A higher injury than my being so long neglected and
 Forgotten in his thoughts, -- what's my Misfortune!!

Enter Frankman.

Frank. O here's *Featlin*! What in a fit of Melancholly?
And in such days as these! fy man -- fy --.

Featl. O that Father of mine.

Frank. Would he were marry'd to a Gypsy, provided his
Estate were thine.

Featl. I thought my afflictions gentle, until confirm'd
That *Celinda* did receive his addresses.

Frank. But I have turn'd the tide I warrant thee, and put him
In such a hideous apprehension of the
Supercription of these objects, and his danger, [*Points to the Pillars.*
That hee'l as soon hang on one of them as proceed,
For thy further security; and so aggravated the matter,
As I made him as good as curse Mothers, Wives, and
Daughters, together with their whole Re-publick.

Featl. But what's all this to me, when this very minute
He was receiv'd by *Celinda*.

Frank. Art' sure on't?

Featl. Or my Sense fails me.

Frank. And did I hope! If not, the Common-wealth of *Jury*
Had never such a Pharisee, and Publican together as
He is--

Enter Waiting Woman.

Featl. I wish I could deny it justly.

Wom. Mr. *Frankman* and Mr. *Featlin*, My Lady *Celinda*
Desires the presence of you both, with what speed
You may, in her Lodgings.

Frank. What's the bus'ness?

Wom. A Womans, you know what that means.

Frank. Then 'tis love.

Wom. And marriage together it may be. Sir *Grave*
Solymour was just ending with a Sack-pollit
As I came to you.

Featl. Did not I tell you?

Frank.

Frank. A mischief on her if it prove true, *Featlin.*

Wom. You'l be there Gentlemen?

Frank. 'Tis like we may.

Wom. And if you please, invite some other of your friends.

Frank. This is strange! and yet methinks I [*Ex. Wai. Woman.*
Like well that we are to be present — Courage
Featlin; there must be good some way or other
Towards thee.

Featl. I know not what to think!

Frank. *Celinda's* wife, and love has many Intrigues; think
No more, but follow me. — [*Exeunt both.*

The Scene opens and discovers a Bed.

Enter Sir Grave Solymour.

Soly. **H**ERE lyes *Celinda*, the treasure of whose beauty
I must now possess, and 'tis my riches she'd enjoy: but
I'll deceive her there: however Gold I thank thee; thou
Art indeed the God of love, and Poets did mistake thy
Charmes, whilst they forgot in thy refulgent shape to
Paint their *Venus* and their *Cupid*; since thou can'st
Beauty win to be thy prostitute, and vertue captive tho' [*Moor*
Immur'd like *Danaa*—she stirs—and I must stir her [*moves in the Bed.*
Too.—Ly thou there—Gown— [*pulls off his Gown.*
And with thee I put off my gravity.
The Monarch or the Magistrate can keep but little
State in these enjoyments, where the Peasant and the beggar's
Part's the same with theirs,
Since 'tis our natures highest Comedy — { *As he undraws the Cur-*
Ha! my hopes are blasted in this spectacle. { *tains, the Moor puts*
[*forth her head.*
Some evil Spirit or Devil to punish my Hypocrisy:

Enter Frank, Merid. and Featlin.

What shall I do to secure my shame and safety?

Frank. You need not fear Sir, and so many of your friends Ready to serve you.

Merid. I am glad of this, I'faith, Sir *Solymour*, I see you can Be amorous at your years as well as I at mine.

Soly. Was there ever such an unwelcome salutation. Oh my Torment!--

Moor. I wonder Gentlemen! by what authority you presume To disturb our intended embrace.

Soly. This is no dumb Devil I perceive. —

[*Aside.*

Moor. For my part I'd have you to know, I mean nothing But what is honourable to this worthy Knight; as I Hope to be my Lady *Solymour*, 'tis true Gentlemen.

Soly. How! my Lady! Night-hag.

Frank. It seems a contract.

Featl. And wanted nothing but consummation.

Moor. Which you have rudely hinder'd, I thank you.

Merid. Nay, you shall compleat your business if you Please, the World knows I never lov'd to spoil Sport.

Soly. As you are men, have so much mercy on me As to permit I 'scape out of this snare I am Got in.

Frank. That's impossible / the Doors are all lock'd Or guarded.

Featl. And by women too!

Soly. What would you have Gentlemen. I confess my Folly deserves a Curse as lowd as all their Tongues Can expresse together.

Frank. Perhaps they may teaze you a little.

Merid. Or meet in a full ery of their body politick, That were sport indeed.

Frank. And Lady you had best be ready to receive them.

Moor. I shall, Sir, with all expedition. — { *She conveys her self Out of the bed.*

Enter

Enter Foppering with his half-Moon on his head.

Frank. Herè comes *Tom Foppering*, I took a course he should not fail.

Soly. He come too?

Merid. No less than the man in the Moon I assure you Sir.

Soly. Good Sir, what has the earth or I to do with him
Then, let him go to his fellow subjects in t'other World
I beseech you.

Frank. Now it works.

Feath. I hope to good purpose.

Frank. And canst thou make good this fiction?

Fopp. A fiction Sir! upon my sincerity a miraele.

Frank. And shall we take thy word for it?

Fopp. If you know where to have a better proof for a
Miracle than ones word comes to, you may get it
Where you can, however you shall have no more
For this.

Frank. Come to an end, *Tom*.

Fopp. Why I'll tell you Sir, as you know I wish her highness
Well, and so forth.

Merid. The story of her slipper we have heard already; but this
Of her face should imply a greater Prodigy:

Fopp. To tell you true Gentlemen, as I was now calculating
Her motions from the top of my house, she was
Pleas'd to slip off this face of hers and put it upon mine,
In the same manner you see it.

Merid. An Astronomical Liar too!

Frank. There are none greater, if their calculations were well
Observ'd.

Fopp. Since *Copernicus* his time or before she hath not vouchsaf'd
Such a favour to any man — As I hope to finish the
Other part of her calculation, 'tis true Sir.

Merid. Let me never know mirth if I believe thee not in that.

Frank. And then you are to receive the other
Part of her face, are you not?

Fopp. What else Sir?

Frank. How like you this Dialogue Sir *Solymour*?

Soly. Would I were not the greater Fool. —

Fopp. Joy, joy, transcendent joy, Sir; you are wish'd it both
By the Moon and I abundantly.

Soly. What do you mean Bedlam?

Fopp. To salute your happy inclinations; I did not believe
That so Grave a man as your self would have honour'd
Love, these days of frailty — but since you are
In that predicament. —

Soly. What then Sir?

Fopp. Why, I have put on my Moon as you see on purpose
To wait on you.

Soly. Gentlemen, perswade his Silence — I shall be mad too
Else, before he has done with me.

Frank. 'Tis impossible, he will have his run.

Fopp. Besides my design in giving you a visit at your lodging
With four Drums, six Trumpets, and a Consort of 22 Violins
With Flutes; Recorders and Dulcimores.

Soly. To be bated thus with a Lunatick! A cry of Hounds
Were Musick to't.

Fopp. And next, Sir, I will have a Ballad sung on
This subject to salute your Love, and you, in the morning,
I know a ten Groat Poet shall compose it.

Soly. Methinks your years should teach you Compassion.

Merid. Who! I, old Sir! who has youth then? — go on a little
For that Ladel. —

Enter Moor drest.

Feastl. No Sir, here's one shall divert him — The Lady, Sir. —

Soly. This entrance is worse than all the rest.

Fopp. As I am a servant of the Moons, and she a Lady of the
Night and love, I wish you happy.

Moor. I thank you Sir, Though I could desire of Heaven
(might it be granted) that my complexion were some-
What more Grateful, to this Knight my Lover.

Soly. O Monstrous! she calls me Lover too!

Frank. And you'll prove her to want no flame
I'll warrant her: There's *Æthiopia* Sir on t'other
Side of the Tropick you are to pass.

Featl. I have heard those Sun-burnt females are most
Delicious in embrace.

Soly. Are they so Sir?

Merid. And have the spring within them, though they want
It without.—

Frank. If you get a Mag-py Child (as there may be some
Danger) I'll invite my self Gossip.

Enter Petilla, Celinda and two Ladies more.

Merid. And I your Partner.

Moor. I thank you Gentlemen!

Soly. If you have mercy and are men, spare me.

Fopp. Then for her Complexion, it resembles my Mistress
The Moon's, when in an Ecliptick Conjunction.
For which cause I like it better than that white Meager
Face of my Wives.

Petil. Do you so, Sir?

Soly. These she Teazers come to encrease the Cry,

celin. Contain! let me perswade you.

Petil. You shall till convenient time.

*Fopp. plays at bo-
peep behind them.*

Fopp. Let me screen my self behind you Gentlemen
By turns.

Frank. But take care your Moon be not seen.

Fopp. I'll do my endeavour, Sir.

Petil. And for you most abominable Sir, an infringer of
Our most sacred law of love by making your
Lascivious attempt on this Lady.

1. *Lad.* Putting aside the punishment you deserve in being a
Sober ill example, like a malicious secluded member
Of our late Government.

Celin. As also of a Hypocrite and Sinner together.

2. *Lad.* And more ill natur'd and Covetous than a Jew of
Our new Synagogue.

Celin. Then for a Father, I'll witness, he is little
Inferior to Herod.—

Soly. What a Nest of Hornets have I stir'd?

Petil. For which you are censur'd by our body politick.
To espouse this beautiful Black, which the hand.

Of Fortune presents to your embrace.

Soly. O me! the stings of all your Satyrs meet in this. —
Did you say, marry her?

Celin. Or which is all one, you are concluded Man and Wife
Already.

Featl. That was the Close I look'd for.

Frank. I conceive thee.

Soly. Is there no remedy?

I. Lad. Not except you hang your self.

Soly. Madam, I must thank you for this.

Celin. I did it to have you beholding to me
As you'll find; in the mean time, to deceive the
Deceiver has some excuse.

Soly. Well, *Solymour*, it has been thy fate, notwithstanding
All thy policy, to heighten the part of a cautious
Coxcomb.

Frank. And so I give you joy.

Merid. And I by my Manhood could bestow some Capers
On this day of *Hymen*.

Soly. I'll excuse your Mirth, Sir.

Moor. Ladies, I thank your justice.

Soly. Impudent above her complexion too.

Petil. But it must not end thus — and have I found you — thou
Moon Calf — thou? [To Fopp.]

Fopp. Save me Ladies, and Gentlemen — or as thou art
A good Common-wealth's Woman have mercy on
A Citizen.

Petil. Were I not so, you should feel my Fingers! —

Fopp. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Petil. You should Sir. — [She pinches him.]

Fopp. I do, I do! nothing but the fingers of a Fairy
Could pinch so deep.

Petil. Indeed Sir.

Fopp. Good Queen *Mabb* spare me. —

Petil. Must I be a Lady of Dominion and have a Husband
Call'd the man in the Moon, must I? — [She pulls off his Moon.]

Fopp. I meant my self thy man, and thou the
Moon all the while, Wife; that is by way of *Metaphor*.

Petil. You had best tell how many embraces you have
Given me more than I requir'd, and so for Manhood

Sake bely us both ; or feign I have more servants
Than really I have, and call it *Metaphorical*, you
Had Sir ?

Fopp. But pardon *Metaphor* I beseech thee for Love's
Sake, and Poetry.

Petil. Well, Sir, as I am favourable to Poetry, I'll pardon
Your fictions at this time ; so as your fools fire produce
No more. —

Fopp. I'll have nothing to do with the best Moon that
Ever shin'd since thou wilt have it so ; and yet
Methinks this affront might have been spar'd to *Cynthia*,
Under Correction — Madam. —

Petil. Withdraw Sir, and know I expect your further submission.

Frank. Away, away, whilst the storm ceases.

Fopp. Since a man cannot be believ'd who can help it.

Merid. An over-wife, tho' a little one. — [Ex-Foppering]

Frank. And were I her Husband, I should be in love with
The Moon in earnest before her.

Petil. Pardon me Madam, that my respects were
Interrupted by that necessary rebuke I gave that
Titular thing call'd my Husband — but hope the
Example may be of good use, as you may have
Occasion to exercise your matrimonial Dominion

Soly. The Counsel of a Fury added to my affliction.

Moor. I shall lose no prerogative that becomes a Wife
Or a member of your Re-publick.

Enter Peacock and Euphorbus.

Petil. For Which you may deserve a signal respect.

Soly. More Birds of a Feather to gaze at my folly.

Merid. Nothing but a brace of Peacocks for the last Course, Sir.

Soly. Would there were a limb of one of them in your
Belly ; I shall be whoop'd at by every Owl before
They have done with me.

1. *Lad.* An odd sight.

Celin. I have heard of his humour before —

Frank. Nay, blame me Sir, rather, since I must
Acknowledge I caus'd them to come hither to present

Their respects to you, and your Lady.

Soly. Did you so, Sir?

Peac. And art thou the sprightly Black the Lady of Night
And beautiful blossom of darkness?

Merid. Ha, ha, ha, blossom of darkness.

Peac. The Bride of this Gravity's, and Sister of *Hymens*.

Frank. He has rais'd her descent, Sir, something for your sake:

Soly. O the perplexity I am in — a night of *Cynthia's* Revels
In which all the Lunaticks are at liberty.

Featl. Be resolute Sir and stand the worst.

Soly. Would I were dead, or any thing to be freed.

Featl. I am glad to hear it. —

[*Aside.*

Peac. Had I but known this night of joy sooner, I would
Have been doubly feather'd, as you see I am in him
And he in me.

Euph. And I likewise, as I am two in him, and he two in me, am
At your service.

Merid. The Miracle encreases now.

Frank. As far as they please to believe it.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Soly. An *Infinitum* of vexation.

Peac. And next I would have been at thy service in as
Many Capacities — that is thus for me, and thus for
Him.

Euph. And thus for me, and thus for him.

Peac. As here's one lip, there's t'other — and so likewise for
The rest of these Ladies. — [Both salute the Moor.

Petil. We are beholding to you Sirs, as I am a Wife.

Moor. I thank you Gentlemen, and as you are mine in several
Respects, I will be as many times yours.

Soly. O my fate, I shall wear a horn, and caus'd by so
Sooty a Sinner as this.

Celin. And be glad if you scape so Sir.

Petil. But that we are merciful and pitty failings, you
Had been worse dealt with. Enter Polidor, Serina, Eugenia,
Soly. Is that possible. Crispina, and several Gentlemen.

Peac. Ladies all your pardons, I have
Perform'd my Devoirs, and so I doubly take my leave.

Euph. And I as doubly too.

Celin. Farwell, pair of Wonders —

[*Ex. Peac. Euphor.*
Polid.

Polid. You have pass'd a severe sentence on this Knight.

Serin. I thought it justice to consent considering every Circumstance.

Polid. You are just in all things.

Serin. I should be sorry, Sir, if the publick or you have Cause to complain of the power I possess — tho' at This time I shall propose something may concern you, Please you observe a space. —

Polid. What does she mean? —

[*Aside.*

Euge. As sure as I live, *Serina* is beginning her address To *Polidor*, by vertue of our late Decree.

Crisp. What if she does, I suppose *Cupid* has more use Of his Darts, than to aim only at her — tho' I confess *Polidor*, for a man, is a mark indeed.

Celin. Our President, Sir. —

[*To Solymour.*

Soly. More of their Clamours yet!

Moor. I hope not so, Sir.

Serin. Nor needs it Lady *Solymour*.

Soly. Was ever man marry'd thus?

Serin. You own the Decree, Ladies?

Omn. All, all.

Serin. And next you may withdraw with your Lady, Sir.

Soly. Must I hand her too? No, she shall have but one of My fingers. —

Moor. I'll take hold of the longest finger then.

Featl. Take Comfort, Sir, however.

Soly. Hast thou any to give me?

Featl. I shall be sorry not to my endeavours as occasion Serves — I perceive he does not know me yet.

[*Aside.*

Celin. And be耐 him to proceed as we shall advise. [*To Featlin.*

Featl. I understand thee, dear *Celinda*. — [*Ex. Soly. Moor, Featlin.*

Serin. For other irregularities of men that Concern our Sex, we may proceed against them As cause shall require.

Petil. And for such as have Wives, to make it more Enormous, if they presume to begin their Amours First; In good faith I was thinking to have brought In a charge against mine.

Frank. Though she has pinch'd him to purpose — as we Can witness.

Merid. And for nothing but pretending he is in love with The Moon.

Petil. But that I could not be so severe, with the frailties Of a man, I have receiv'd services from.

1. Lad. And what shall we decree against such, that Intrigue by the way of servants, and yet as perfidious To their Mistresses as any Husband of 'em all

Crisp. Say we establish a High Court of Justice of Love?

Polid. That were a new way of acting Tyrannick love indeed?

Frank. But I hope no Tragedy.

Serin. I am not against it; provided, we do men and our selves Right, by insisting on merit, and such other perfections As are justly ours.

Eng. You have spoken my sence, Madam.

Petil. I do not like so well that word, Merit.

Crisp. No matter, Madam, you have Beauty.

Petil. And should be sorry to quit my fair interest, did I Stand for a *Venus* - with the proudest she living.

Serin. In the mean time behold what I present to your Considerations, a Catalogue of Lovers according to the Inquiry of our women Commissioners.

Crisp. An ingenious accompt.

{ They view all the
Paper earnestly.

Petil. And suitable to our instructions.

Serin. If there be any here you think well on, you may Bestow a look on him if you please.

Eng. Our President should have the liberty to begin first.

Celin. By any means, Madam.

Serin. I am fix'd already : but I'll lead you the way.

*The Women walk round the men. Crispina, Petilla, 1 Lady, eye-
ing Frankman. Celinda, and 2^d Lady eye others, while Eu-
genia eyes Meridith more strictly than any of the rest of the
Men.*

Frank. Nay Ladies not too many of your beams Together.

Merid. The more the merrier.

Serin. If I mistake not Ladies, too many of your kind Aspects have been particularly united on some deserving Objects here.

Crisp.

Crisp. I know where I look'd first.
Petil. And so do I, by your favour Madam, — I hope the
 Eye of a Wife may be as well understood as e'r
 A Virgins of you all.

1. *Lad.* And I remember where I look'd too.

Eng. And so do I! —

Merid. That look meant me *Frankman.*

Frank. I perceive it.

Celin. And I forget not whom I beheld.

2. *Lad.* And I by your leave, Ladies.

Merid. This is Mirth indeed *Frankman.*

Frank. A pleasant sort of Loves lightning, and some of us must
 Be his Thunderbolts it seems.

Serin. But Ladies, how will you determine betwixt
 Your selves, in Case that several of you affect one
 Man?

Petil. Why, in that case we may decree him a publick lover.

Eng. That were a particular injury.

Petil. No matter so it be a publick good, by your favour,
 Madam.

Crisp. Rather, let us establish a High Court of Justice
 Of love to determine our differences.

Serin. I look'd for this. —

[*Aside.*]

Eng. There's no reason for a dissenter.

Celin. I am for it.

1. *Lad.* And I. — *Omn.* — And all.

Serin. And I comply as willingly.

Crisp. And when shall our High Tribunal of love meet?

Serin. In some minutes under an hour! You have
 Your summons to appear, Gentlemen.

Merid. I dare promise for all, that we will not fail you.

Frank. God a mercy, thou sinner of Sixty.

Eng. A lively piece of antiquity.

Serin. The design takes to my wish; how do you
 Like it *Polidor?*

Polid. 'Tis such a novelty, Madam, I know not how
 To judge it handsomely.

Serin. Leave it to me —

*Nor do I doubt our Stars will be unkind.
Since Love has yet more Wonders left behind.*

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

The Fifth Act.

The Scene resembles a Tribunal of Love.

*Enter Serina, Crispina, Eugenia, Celinda,
Petilla, and 2 Ladies.*

Serin. I Hope, Ladies, you have sufficiently implor'd the
Humorsome God of Love to compose your differences:

Eug. I can answer for my self, and hope well of the rest.

Serin. I doubt not your Modesty.

Crisp. But we expect it shall not diminish the least part
Of our State and interest.

Petill. As I am a Wife I am oblig'd to do no less, hoping to
Have the Vote of all this fair Society in my behalf.

1. Lad. We shall not dissent.

Serin. But to do justice on your selves now, will be the
Difficulty; since in my thought your Eyes met too
Particularly, as you beheld the men: and it were strange if
A common-wealth should not have variety enough for
So many Women as we are here.

Eug. I judg so, Madam. [*Enter Frankman, Meridith, and Featlin.*]

Serin. The persons that fall under present
Consideration, will be these Gentlemen here,
Though a small Number of the Catalogue.

Crisp. For Mr. *Frankman*, Madam, I dare answer for the
Language of my Eye, so far, as to acknowledge him

A deserving Gentleman:

Petil. But by your favour, Lady, I have had him in my thoughts Ever since I was a Wife.

1. *Lad.* And I ever since I was a Virgin.

2. *Lad.* I would say something too, Madam, --- but let that pass.

Petil. And for Mr. *Featlin* here, what woman can have the heart Not to think well of him.

1. *Lad.* And such a neat built man as he is.

Serin. And what say you to this, *Celinda*?

Celin. I'll leave him to the best pretender, Madam, ——— my Love shall not go farther than my wit is able to Make it good.

Frank. We are now under Censure i' faith Boys:

Merid. And if they disable me from being a lover, my years Have ill luck.

Featl. I wonder that *Celinda's* justice has not found me yet.

Frank. O, their thoughts are so full of universals, there's no Room for a particular Amour yet.

Serin. And what for this Grave Gentleman? [*Pointing to Merid.*]

Petil. He shall have our *Supersedeas*, if he please.

Crisp. Or to recreate him, let him be our general *Platonick*?

1. *Lad.* And so have our society at times of eating; I have Heard he's pleasant.

Eng. Methinks he might deserve better.

Petil. And think so still if you please.

Frank. Dost' hear this *Meridith*?

Merid. I do, and smile at their mistake, ——— I their *Platonick*?

1. *Lad.* And then for *Polidor*.

Serin. He too within your aym's?

Petil. The most accomplish'd person in our Common-wealth. Why is he not here?

1. *Lad.* I long to survey him.

Petil. But I had him in my eye before you, Lady: by My Membership of this State, we have not justice President, and a man wanting we think well of.

Serin. This sounds too much of Anarchy in love, the worst Of Mischiefs to all humane Government.

1. *Lad.* But practis'd under all we conceive, Madam.

Petil. A Wives condition were a severe one otherwise.

Serin. It shall never have my vote.

Eng. Nor mine, *Serina*.

Crisp. As it may Authorize dishonest actions, I likewise do defy It; but as I love my wit, my beauty, or take pride to be Respected (a pardonable frailty in our Sex) I'd have It paid me too as many ways ——— A woman may be A Saint of Loves, and yet have more than single Adoration.

Frank. By my life, brave, and witty.

Merid. She has it in abundance, man.

Serin. You may be allow'd your sence, *Crispina*, but till you Better reconcile ——— *Serina*, is no more your President

Celinda! ———

[*Ex. Serina and Celinda.*]

Featl. *Serina* is with-drawn in discontent, And *Celinda* with her.

Frank. I did expect it, and guess which way the stream of things Are bending.

Eng. This breach was sudden.

Crisp. No matter, we may proceed without her.

Petil. Or chuse another in her stead.

Crisp. Gentlemen, your patience--and your counsel, Ladies. [*The Women whisper.*]

Featl. The Ladies are in consultation about us.

Frank. Perhaps they will chuse us by lots or else play us together Like a battle Royal of Cocks.

Featl. But I have design'd my match otherwise, if Fortune Be not peevish and hinder me. [*Enter Foppering.*]

Merid. In the mean time, let us sing, three

Merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we.

Frank. Here comes *Foppering* ——— but I'll fright him away ——— Hark you *Tom.* ———

Fopp. What's the matter Sir? [*Merid. and Featl. whisper.*]

Frank. Strange matters are in handling by the women, *Tom.*

Fopp. But I desire to have nothing to do with their hands or fingers.

Frank. I know thou wouldst not, *Tom.*

Fopp. I had only an extraordinary complement to have Presented their High Court of love, and thought to Have ask'd your advice whether I may Presume to except my Wife.

Frank. Thou shalt not have to do with her, or them, at present. And for thy Wife, she is in such a Mood.

Fopp.

Fopp. Let her go whistle above or below then. — I'll not Make much of her now.

Frank. She is at present like Tow, ready to take fire with The least spark of passion. — Away, away, — I would Not have thee seen.

Fopp. And is she angry, say you then? — Why then I'll not Provoke her so much as by my submission now; She shall be pleas'd better first.

Frank. Be gone, I tell thee.

Fopp. But if you can intercede for my humiliation or so; you Conceive me Sir, — and you Gentlemen.

Frank. Some other time wee'l undertake it.

Fopp. I thank you heartily, Sir, and in gratitude will tell You a more extraordinary tale, than I have told you yet. —

Frank. Enough, enough. —

[*Ex. Foppering.*]

Merid. And well we are rid of him, I was apprehensive that His Mirth might have prevented a better expected.

Crisp. Not to proceed, were a diminution of our privilege, And might teach men to neglect our Authority, or what Is worse, to slight our loves.

Petil. I am resolute in the cause.

Eng. But I hope with modesty.

1. *Lad. Crispina* shall be our Speaker.

2. *Lad.* And so avow our prerogative by her mouth; she'l manage It like a Town-wit I warrant her.

Petil. Indeed Ladies! and a Wife of the Re-publick in place?

Crisp. With your leave, Madam.

Frank. They have decreed to assault us now.

Merid. And I'll charge them as home, I warrant thee.

Petil. Then by my leave you may.

Crisp. But it shall be to defeat your intrigue, if my Wit does not deceive me. —

[*Aside.*]

Frank. They have chosen a Speaker to my wish, and I am prepar'd For her.

Crisp. Suppose, Gentlemen, that some of us should resolve to Express our good opinion of you.

[*Meridith steps out.*]

I do not mean you.

Merid. What you please, Madam.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Crisp. Or that you Mr. *Frankman* were the man I bid to

Love me?

Frank. Why, in that case, Madam, I would answer the supposition By another supposition; as, supposing that any of These Ladies were your Rivals, and that you design'd Me for your self, which Heaven avert from your Thoughts.

1. *Lad.* Mark that, Ladies.

Petl. Nay Mr. *Frankman* will deal with 'em well enough I warrant him.

Crisp. How! Heaven avert it, say you so, Sir?

Frank. Marry do I, and dare swear it before your Tribunal Of Love too, if you please. — How Madam! Command my love?

Crisp. I put it to you as a Supposition, Sir.

Frank. Why then, Lady, you must unspoppose again — ha, ha, ha, Bid me love? why, 'tis scarce within the Power of The Stars to command it.

Crisp. You dare not, Sir, affront our Power.

Frank. A power to command love; was there ever such A Solecism in Nature; besides, you mistake The Prerogative you have decreed to your selves; I must be bold to tell you so; and more, that were You Coy, and proud as *Pallas*, your Own law Must humble you.--

Crisp. How so! presumptuous Sir?

Frank. Alas, Madam, *Cupid* has conspir'd with your Counsels More happily for us, than the most ambitious Lover Could have hop'd for, -- you will have the privilege To make love first?

Crisp. What Then, Sir?

Frank. Why much good do you with it--and begin; but remember As it does invert our Common Mode of Courtship in the First tender of our respects, so we may expect, (and Reasonably too) the same observances from you women, The privilege of Lady Mistresses being no longer yours: In short, you have pull'd down your Altars of love And have set up ours.

Crisp. Was there ever such an affront to *Cupid*, and women In power together?

Frank. I must be plainer yet: and assure you that you have

Put it justly in our power to expect, not only that you Should first offer your affections; but with the exemplary humilities of men, when lying at the feet of Their Mistresses, as by saying, I am, Sir, your humble Lady To serve you — how happy were I to have the least Of your good opinion! What a foot, and hand have you, And eye that sends forth rays more bright than those of Diamonds, and wounds with every beam a Lover; and So till you come (for want of hair) to our Perriwigs, And admire them as much.

Crisp. This were fine indeed.

Frank. Nay, after you have perform'd all this, remain In doubt whether we'll receive it, or no, but give You as endless and insupportable delays as such Of your Sex usually do, when proud, fair, rich, and Witty, are compleated in one individual woman — If this be not Justice, according to your determination Of making love; I submit to your judgments, Ladies.

Merid. God a mercy Sophister! thou hast puzzl'd their reasons I warrant thee.

Frank. I was beholding to thy wit for the hint, *Meridith:*

Merid. I am glad it did you service.

Featl. And with such a retortion on themselves?

Crisp. What say you to this Ladies?

Eng. I doubt the argument is unavoidable.

Petil. And contradict our decree.

Crisp. I confess the consequence was overseen by us.

1. *Lad.* Why let us revoke it then, and make a better in its Stead.

2. *Lad.* 'Tis necessary, since we are like to have no lovers Otherwise.

Petil. Rather than so, I'd consent to give up our Government.

Crisp. We must think of some other expedient. In the mean Time, I'll vouchsafe you my pardon.

Frank. And your love too, I hope, Madam, by that Eye [*Crisp.* She gave me first —

And last, I dare conclude it.

[*Aside.* [*Eyes Frank. kindly.*

Crisp. His wit has taken me.

Petil. And so for you Sir, I suppose we may do the like.

L

Featl.

Featl. I thank you, Lady : — but you shall chuse some
Other Gallant in stead of me for your service. — [Aside.

Merid. And what for me ?

i. Lad. Good picture of time, nothing.

Eug. You have been admitted a *Platonick* already,
By our particular dispensation.

Merid. Me a *Platonick*, Lady ? 't had been better said to
Æson, after he renew'd his years, and youth —
Me a *Platonick* ? I'll sooner renounce *Plato*, and all
His spiritual Doctrine of Love, ten times over,
Than suffer the affront to flesh and blood of mine.
Me a *platonick* ?

Eug. Well Sir, I will allow your years a greater respect
Since you desire it.

Merid. And can deserve it too ! but do not hope for a return :
Unless you value me at the price of one and
Twenty in man-hood, I'll not go under a day, fair
One, and on those terms, love, embrace, and welcome ; which
If thou dost with me, I'll make thee know, thou art
To wish thy self yonger for my sake, and not me for
Thine.

Eug. I conceive you, Sir — such a humour in age, what's more
Taking ? — [Aside.

Crisp. *Eugenia*, thou hast clos'd this Scene more kindly than
I look'd for — Come Ladies — [Ex. Women.

Merid. Well, *Frankman*, thou hast shew'd thy self a true
Witt indeed.

Frank. I told you, I should bow the proudest she amongst them.

Featl. And has given some shock to their dominion over us.

Frank. Why I design'd it man ; and if we do not set up
What we please now, 'tis our own faults ; I knew
From the beginning of this day, that the Power would
Be our Sexes again, with more pleasure than before.

Featl. *Serina* made the first breach.

Frank. Were she rewarded though with a greater dignity
Than I'll name, I could afford it her.

Featl. She affects *Polidor*, no less deserving in his birth
And virtues. [Enter Peacock half naked and weeping.

Frank. Away to thy Father, *Featlin*,
Thy design ripens a-pace.

Featl.

Featl. I was just going to him, Sir.

Merid. I did not think that providence had bless'd Sir *Grave Solymour* with so hopeful a Son.

Frank. Here comes *Peacock*, and half naked too.

Merid. An odd spectacle of mirth.

Frank. I'll dispose of him accordingly — In the mean time
Wait you on *Polidor* — [Ex. *Merid.*

How now, *Peacock*?

Peac. The most sad man living, Sir.

Frank. Whats the matter?

Peac. The matter Sir? why I have lost my self, Sir.

Frank. And thou here?

Peac. I mean *Euphorbus*, my other lovely being in my self.

Frank. But how com'st thou to be half uncloath'd too?

Peac. Why Sir, as I was this afternoon asleep, having
Laid my fine Vest of Feathers by me, I had it stoln
Away from me, my Pocket pick'd too, and, as I suppose,
By that self of mine, *Euphorbus*.

Frank. A good moral of self love; than which nothing
More deceives us — but to undecieve thee, I'll tell
Thee *Jack*, that self of thine was but a Link-Boy
Design'd to abuse thy Credulity, and for the Artist
You dealt with, he's obscur'd already, besides not
Worth a revenge.

Peac. Is't possible, Sir? then I have been abominably cheated
By that pretended *Virtuoso* you directed me to.

Frank. I did consent for thy good, he should practise on thee
A little, since 'twas a just punishment of thy humour
Of self affection, and may all that doat too much
Upon themselves deceive themselves accordingly.

Peac. I care not for my mony, If I had but my suit of
Feathers again!

Frank. No matter whether thou hast for no, or thou mayst have
As good. —

Peac. Do you think so! I'll try all the feather Shops in the
Town, before I'll rest then.

Frank. In the mean time thy part of Comedy shall end here:
Be gone *Jack* — as thou art a lover of Modes and dress
I would no thave thee seen in such a plight as this. [Ex. *Peacock.*

Enter Polidor, Serina, and Celinda.

Polid. And have you power or other means to accomplish this Design, *Serina*?

Serin. I doubt it not, and know most noble *Polidor*, that as this Day began with womens rule, so it shall end propitious To my Countreys happiness and my acknowledgments of your Desert.

Polid. I need no other proof than your vertue--here's *Frankman*.

Serin. And must be acquainted how I proceed; Mr. *Frankman*?

Frank. Your Will, Madam.

Serin. How came you off with the Ladies?

Frank. With victory enough, Madam, in so much that I judge They could be contented to rule jointly with us now.

Serin. And by what means?

Frank. By a small heat of argument, on the account of Love Madam, the most subduing passion.-- [*Enter Meridith.*

Serin. My design is half perfected, by this ingenuity of his— And what for *Crispina*. ———

Frank. Why, as proud, and stout as she is, she plies, and shall More yet, as I hope to order matters.

Serin. You will deserve her best affection.

Frank. And for my friend *Meridith* here — the wonder of age And love, he has made such a fair Progress with *Eugenia* Too.

Celin. A vertuous and discreet Lady.

Merid. I was fain, Madam, to come up close to her, and bid her Expect what her youth could hope, from mine — till we Came to such a kind repertèe by looks, that I suppose She could even have sung, *I like his humour well, and I like his humour well.* ———

Serin. A pleasant one I assure you.

Merid. And shall be, till life and I take leave Madam.

Polid. Besides he is a person no less generous, in all his actions. I must owne him such.

Merid. You shall be sure to prove me so, when you command My service. (men.

Serin. There needs nothing, but to insist on your prerogatives as *Frank,*

Frank. Which we'll be certain in the end to have the
Better of Women kind, or I know nothing of
Flesh and blood. ———

Serin. And be sure, you neither receive their address or make love
On any terms, giving the like intimation to all you think
Fit — the other part of the design shall be mine and

Celinda's. ——— [Enter Soly-Moor, Featl. at distance.

Celin. I am prepar'd to serve it — but
With your leave first.

Serin. I know your affair, come *Polidor*, and you Gentlemen.

[Ex. *Serina*, *Polidor*, *Meridith*, *Frankman*.

Soly. And do you hope to bed with me at night,
You *Ethiopian* Matron, do you?

Moor. I shall expect, Sir, the due respects, and observance of a
Wife. [Celinda whispers Featlin.

Soly. Indeed footy, Madam.

Moor. The very reason, Sir, that Chimney-sweepers are more
Regarded in our Countrey than in any other, because
They come so near the complexion of our Ladies.

Soly. Or else for my greater Curse, thou wert begotten by one at
Home and so foisted on me.

Moor. By your leave Sir, I must taste your lips [Offers to kiss him.
'Tis my privilege to begin, our Law says.

Soly. Would I could tell where to hire some Villain to
Strangle her.

Featl. I have made my self known to him.

Celin. That's well: but be sure to keep back the
Plot, till our design be perfected:

Featl. Leave it to me.

Celin. *Serina* expects me — I'll but salute him now.

Moor. Besides, Sir, we *Moors* are held in pleasure to transcend.
The most beautiful embraces, the world (as well as
Those under our *Meridian*) affirms it.

*Whilst we such amorous Feats can do,
The fair would wish to act and know;
Which makes it hard with us to prove
Whether Honour greater is than love.*

Soly. She abuses me in Rhime too / though it be the

Curse of Poetry.

Celin. Your servant Sir.

Soly. She here to second her?

Celin. To serve you, I am.

Soly. My fair Trappanner I desire no more of your service—

Celin. And provided you will but hope well from me—

Perhaps may yet oblige your good opinion— [Ex. *Celinda.*

Soly. Is that possible, after decoying me to this mischief?

Featl. Good Father be more comfortably perswaded, and if you are Not pleas'd to expect well from her, trust to my Endeavour.

Soly. If thou canst relieve me in this affliction, this Cross Of mine will prove a welcome providence in obliging My love for ever to thee.

Featl. I do not doubt it Sir.

Soly. Tho' I confess it a just punishment of my vitious inclinations And hypocrisy, together with my too long injurious Neglect of thee.

Moor. You have no design to do me wrong I hope— [To *Featl.*

Featl. As you are a woman, not I, Lady.

Soly. She is rather an *African* Serpent in the Sun-burn'd form Of woman, there is danger in changing words with her.

Featl. But if I provide a Spell, Sir, shall charm your Quiet and freedom?

Soly. Do you assure it?

Featl. As I am honest, and obedient, I do, so you express Your self a Father.

Soly. My love, and Estate shall confirm thee, Take all, or what Part thou wilt, of which I must acknowledge my covetousness has too many years injuriously debarr'd thee.

*Enter Serina, Crispina, Eugenia, Petilla,
and the two Ladies.*

Featl. Here comes the women, Sir, — please you to confirm it Within.

Soly. With my hand seal & heart— [Ex. *Soly.* *Moor.* *Featl.*

Serin. I could have wish'd Ladies, that the men had been more Moderate in their resolution — But here it

Is at large.

[They open a Scroll of Parchment and look on.]

Crisp. And confirm'd by all these hands.

Eug. Not a considerable person in the Common-wealth almost,
But has set his name here.

Petil. And that malapert toy, my Husband too?

1. Lad. I do not find his name here — but it may be those
You like as well.

Crisp. Not receive, or make love, except we part with our power!
A bold demand, Ladies.

1. Lad. And before we have govern'd one day.

2. Lad. It seems they conclude we shall be necessitated to yield
Before night. —

Serin. You see how firmly they have resolv'd, and under the
Honour of their hands too, not to love in any kind, on
Other terms.

1. Lad. Part with our power? why, 'tis that which Princes fight for,
Politicians deceive for, nay, Mistresses love for.

Petil. I and women marry for; I did, I am sure, chiefly
On the account of governing.

Crisp. 'Tis doubtless some trick of these men to obtain the
Supremacy we possess.

1. Lad. I judge so, Madam.

Crisp. They are men, I doubt not, and let 'em live in our country
And not love if they can — for my part I should rather
Be content to starve my affection a while, than not
Maintain our rule — tho' perhaps I have something
Might concern me, as much as another woman. —

Enter Celinda in haste.

1. Lad. A magnanimous resolution!

Serin. But I fear the consequence.

Celin. O, Ladies, if ever for loves sake you will conclude
On any thing, you must do it this minute.

Serin. What's the matter?

Celin. You must live, and love alone else, the men are all leaving
Of our Country, and you'll not have a man of sixteen in *Utopia*,
By Sun set.

Crisp. Is it certain?

1. Lad.

1. *Lad.* Why then let us be content till the Boys come to be men.

2. *Lad.* I doubt that will be too long for some of our constitutions.

Petil. Right, Madam, and might prejudice us more than our Power is worth, there is no living without 'em.

2. *Lad.* A Barbarism not to be admitted by our Sex.

1. *Lad.* I have heard of a Chymist, that undertakes to make men, If true, now were a time to imploy him.

2. *Lad.* But the cheat's discover'd and hee's run away.

Celin. Nay, Ladies, you must presently determine, the Shipp's are taken, the Wind fair, and whereas I Said a man, we shall not have otherwise a Boy To play with.

Petil. Not a boy to play with, neither? — have we not Power to restrain these bold Insolents from making This attempt.

Celin. If we could I conceive it were to little purpose, unless we Can command their loves.

Crisp. Mr. *Frankman* going too! well! I have a womans heart, I Find.

Eug. And *Meridith* too! methinks I am unwilling our Countrey Should want such an ornament of age.

Crisp. Let us put our selves wholly in *Serina's* hands, and comply As she shall think fit.

Own. Content, content.

Serin. And will you all submit to what I shall conclude, or Determine?

Eug. As we are women we will.

Serin. That may prove a fickle assurance.

1. *Lad.* As we hope to love, and be belov'd again, Madam.

Serin. That's somewhat surer -- *[Whispers Celinda, who brings in And since you are thus unanimous Polidor, Frankman, Meridith. Know 'tis for some reasons my design and not The mens, -- see here, they come, will answer For the rest, and acceptably I hope.]*

Eug. We need not doubt it.--

[Women whisper severally.]

Frank. I suppose we may make love first now -- but Keep back yours, Sir, a while, I have some Reasons.

[To Polid.]

Polid. You shall advise me.--

[To Frank.]

Frank. And now, *Meridith*, what think'st thou on that

Sprightly

Sprightly cast, *Eugenia* darted on thee ?

Merid. Why, did I not give her beam for beam, think'st Thou ?

Frank. Well said -- and for you *Crispina*, as you are stout and Proud —

Crisp. What then Sir ?

Frank. Why, I'll grant thee so much victory, as to bid me Take thee, 'tis something like the decree you made, But it shall be only with the spiritual language Of thy eye — Nay that's too much of Madam Haughty.

[*She looks on him.*]

Crisp. 'Tis a hard case, Sir, if I have no look to please you.

Frank. Now, she comes, i'faith, methinks I am even abed [Looks again.]

With thee in that cast — and in this something More — give me thy hand, and as I am a *Frank-man* I'll love thee, and so forth. [Looks again.]

Crisp. I am yours then it seems.

Frank. I hope to both our happinesses -- there is no such Wife As a proud woman makes when humbl'd, like the Stately'st Horse that seems most comely under the Rider.

Serin. *Eugenia*, your affections are fix'd here. -- [To *Meridith*.] If I mistake not. —

Eug. I must acknowledge it.

Merid. But I'll save her the labour, Madam, to bid me take her : I know thou lov'st me, and lik'st my humour well too, and If I do not enjoy thee as chearfully — may I be never More call'd the youthful *Meridith*. (Stance)

Eug. I shall as much rejoyce your love, and though at such a distance Twixt our years, we are united, (so seldom an example in my Sex) I'll bear the Censure, since pleasant humour's More to be esteem'd, and cements faster love Than youth and beauty.

Merid. For which I'll be thy mirthful companion, friend And Husband, and will live with thee merrily up, and More merrily down.

Polid. I cannot blame her to be taken, and his disposition so Pleasant.

Petl. Notwithstanding I am a Wife, I might have expected Something like an Amour too -- but there is time

For all things.

2. *Lad.* Doubt it not, Lady.

1. *Lad.* I should be sorry, if I could not dispose of my virginity
With content too, when I please. [*Enter Soly. Moor, and Featlin.*

Frank. Here comes Sir Grave Solymour.

Soly. More conventions of women to
Encrease my vexation.

Faust. You need not apprehend it father — this is but your last Scene, and I'll make it a short one.

Soly. I have perform'd all things you requir'd of me.

Featl. And I'll free you from this black Wife in spight
Of the decree is past.

Moore. You will not do me such an injustice. Sir.

Celin. No, he shall not, but I will — the Plot is mine
And I'll discover it my self, to deserve his favour.
With you; look you here, Sir, 'tis but a *Blackamoor* Boy, and my Page — I hope Ladies there
Needs no decree to annul this marriage.

Serin. *Celinda* has oblig'd you Knight.

Soly. I thank her, Madam, since she has done me
No greater Mischief

Polid. And reconcil'd you to your Son, likewise.

Faith. Most fully, Sir, I thank him, and with a settlement of His Estate on me.

Celin. I knew this only could effect it on your covetousness, and do your Son justice, whom you had Long injur'd — wherefore you ought Sir to pardon The design.

Sol. I do, I do, — since there's no remedy. — [*Asside.*]

Featl. For which your so worthy affection — I offer my
Self and fortune yours,

Polid. It is but justice.

Celin. I was yours without it, and am so now.

Soly. There's no more for me to do.

Featl. Nothing, Sir ! —

Frank. But to reform your self and that square pretext
Of Gravity, by which you have not a little abus'd
Better meanings than your own.

Soly. I will than immediately retire, and live, (if I can)
A forgotten Common-wealths man. ————— [Ex. Solymour.
Frank.

Frank. A happy riddance, believe me.

Featl. You have oblig'd me, *Mr. Frankman*, with the rest.

Celin. You should have thank'd the Ladies too, but that
I'll do for you. — [*She courtſies to Serina and the women.*]

Enter Citizens.

Serin. There's yet a higher justice to be done unto you:
Polidor -- nor is't unknown that in your veins
Is still preserv'd, that Royal Blood, which first gave
Nourishment unto this Countrey's antient stock
Of Kings.

Omn. Cit. We all acknowledge it.

Serin. And from my mouth I dare pronounce you here
Our Monarch--I know you will accept it.

Polid. I were injurious otherwise unto your love
And Justice, tho' time by introducing long these
Forms of State, obscur'd the light and glory
Of my first Ancestors.

Serin. But to be more conspicuous in your self.

Polid. You shall partake it with me, *Serina*, and more, I
Will acknowledge that 'tis thy love and vertue made
Me King.

Serin. You have already Sir, above my expectation or desert.

Omn. Cit. Long live *Polidor* and *Serina*, King and Queen.

Polid. And to you all I'll soon expreſs the value that
I have for your affections.

Frank. { We do not doubt it, Sir.

Featl. }

Merid. For me, I'll only beg, that when our Countrey's Enemies
Shall dare provoke your Arms, you'll bid me be your
Souldier.

Polid. With *Eugenia's* leave thou shalt, nay call'd in honour
Of thy Youthful Age, my youngest Captain.

Merid. I thank you, Sir.

Polid. You are contented Ladies with this change.

Omn. Lad. With all submission, Sir.

Featl. And is an universal joy in this most happy end
Of both Republicks.

Petil. But I hope, Sir, Wives shall not lose their legislative Power in ruling of their Husbands.

Polid. For such as will submit, wee'll make no law to Hinder them.

Petil. Then you are a King indeed.

Polid. Nature has made for men her Salique-Law Given Women to continue men, not govern, And though both Sexes here have held Republicks (A usage different from all other Countreys) In each example they may wisely see No rule's so good as lawful Monarchy.

[Ex Omnes.]

Epilogue spoke by Mr. Foppering.

THe Stages Zany, or the Miss that's kind
Poets their Intercessors Wisely find:
The fool's your favourite, and the Miss can play
A far more welcome part another way;
But stay, this Jest must not proceed too far,
Our women govern here --- as well as there,
Beauty is sacred, and a Satyr thence
Is like a Clap in Cupids kinder sence.
Then let them pass with their Heroick guilt,
And Prologue borrow'd from a Hat and Belt.
Farce may be us'd in the Romantick way,
Like Pudding Jack turn'd Hector in a Play.
Wee'll ad such fools our Poets can suppose,
Rather than Hero's imitating those,
Yet mine I hope so far with theirs complies,
That Foppering you'll excuse for telling lies.
A Fools bold Lunacy my part does show,
But more Heroick Cinthia's Hero know.
Great AEsop did by Fools the Wise direct,
Allow our Author's hear the same effect,
He for your sake his Comick-Muse thus dress'd,
But hopes the Moral is above the Jest:
And if y'are kind upon our Poets score,
We Actors, in that saviour, hope for more.

FINIS.